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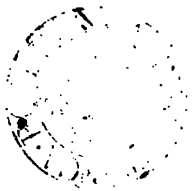

J. O. Murray. Charles Cook

Ever yours truly
Chas Mackay

# EGERIA,

OR

# THE SPIRIT OF NATURE;

## AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

CHARLES MACKAY,

AUTHOR OF "VOICES FROM THE CROWD," "TOWN LYRICS," "LEGENDS OF THE ISLES," &c.

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TO

GEORGE COMBE,

AUTHOR OF THE "CONSTITUTION OF MAN,"

THE FOLLOWING PAGES

ARE VERY CORDIALLY INSCRIBED

BY HIS SINCERE FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.

# CONTENTS.


| | PAGE |
|---|---|
| INTRODUCTION—AN INQUIRY INTO THE ALLEGED ANTI-POETICAL TENDENCIES OF THE AGE | ix |
| EGERIA. Canto I. | 1 |
| Canto II. | 11 |
| Canto III. | 21 |
| Canto IV. | 31 |
| Canto V. | 42 |
| ANGEL VISITS | 56 |
| JUBAL AND HIS CHILDREN | 64 |
| YOUTH AND SORROW | 67 |
| PHILOSOPHY OF ENDURANCE | 71 |
| PROCRASTINATIONS | 72 |
| MY GARDEN GATE | 74 |
| THE MAYING | 76 |
| THE MAN AND THE ATOM | 79 |
| REMEMBRANCES OF NATURE | 82 |
| A DEFIANCE | 84 |
| ALTERNATION | 86 |
| THE SPIRIT OF THE BLUE-BELL | 89 |

PAGE

THE NAMELESS MOUNTAIN STREAM . . . . . 92

A FANCY UNDER THE TREES . . . . . 96

THE SEVEN ANGELS OF THE LYRE . . . . . 101

A PLEA FOR OUR PHYSICAL LIFE . . . . . 103

THE IVY IN THE DUNGEON . . . . . 107

UNDER THE HOLLY BOUGH . . . . . 109

INO NURSING BACCHUS . . . . . 111

SUMMER SHADES . . . . . 117

ON LEARNING TO SWIM . . . . . 120

THE GARDEN SPIDER . . . . . 122

THE OLD YEAR'S REMONSTRANCE . . . . . 126

THE NEW YEAR'S PROMISES . . . . . 128

THE YOUNG MEN'S PETITION . . . . . 131

PRAYER OF THE MAMMONITES . . . . . 134

A VISIT TO BEDLAM . . . . . 136

YOU AND I . . . . . 143

BOWING DOWN . . . . . 145

SECRET OF SUCCESSFUL LYING . . . . . 149

THE POOR MAN'S RICHES . . . . . 150

MACLAINE'S CHILD . . . . . 154

THE EXILE OF CLOUDLAND . . . . . 158

YOUTH'S WARNING . . . . . 160

THE LEGEND OF THE WILLOW-WEED . . . . . 161

AN AUTUMNAL LYRIC . . . . . 163

PAGE

Love's Questions and Replies . . . . . 165

Happy Love . . . . . 166

Unhappy John . . . . . 167

May Mary . . . . . 169

A Hand to Take . . . . . 174

Less than a Man . . . . . 175

If I were a Voice . . . . . 177

## THOUGHTS AMID REVOLUTIONS.

The Battle of Change . . . . . 179

The Prospects of the Future . . . . . 182

A Warning Voice to the Parisians . . . . 185

Pulling the Wires . . . . . 188

The Courtship of Anarchy . . . . . 191

A Call for True Liberty . . . . . 196

Rome . . . . . 199

The Brotherhood of Nations . . . . . 201

Fraternity . . . . . 204

# INTRODUCTION.

## AN INQUIRY INTO THE ALLEGED ANTI-POETICAL TENDENCIES OF THE PRESENT AGE.

THOUGH it may look like a truism to assert that poetry has been the preacher of virtue, the inciter of heroism, and the refiner of society; yet the fact needs repeating, in consequence of the misconception that seems to have arisen on the true nature of poetry, and the duty of the poet. Modern civilization is said to be weary of poetry; or, if not wearied with the poets of past ages, to be quite contented with them, and to wish for no more. The very name of poet has latterly been received with a sneer. The poet has been thought a trifler; the obstinate devotee of a defunct art, which, in its most vigorous time, was only fitted for the amusement of the idle and the frivolous. This misconception has arisen from various causes; partly from the ignorance or indifference of critics and philosophers; partly from the more unpardonable indifference of some, not unworthy of the name of poets, who have depreciated their own calling; and, in a still greater degree, from the incompetence of the vast multitude of persons who have been styled poets without the slightest right to the title—mere verse-makers, who have thrown discredit upon the name, not knowing that the hold of poetry upon the fancy and the imagination is secondary to its sway over the heart and the intellect, and that the *true* poet can preach and prophecy as well as sing.

Lord Bacon did some harm in this respect. Being more conversant with the pretensions of the rhymers of his day than with the performances of the poets, he misstated the whole object of poetry. In his famous *Essay on Truth*, he asserted that the proper element of poetry was *fiction*, as distinguished from, and the oppo-

site of, *truth*. "One of the later schools of the Grecians," said he, "is at a stand to think what should be in it, that men should love lies, where neither they make for pleasure, *as with poets*, nor for advantage, as with the *merchant;* but for the lie's sake. But I cannot tell: this same truth is a naked and open daylight that doth not show the masques, and mummeries, and triumphs of the world half so stately and daintily as candlelight. Truth may, perhaps, come to the price of a pearl, that showeth best by day, but it will not rise to the price of a diamond or a carbuncle, that showeth best in varied lights. A MIXTURE OF A LIE DOTH EVER ADD A PLEASURE. One of the fathers, in great severity, called poesy, 'the wine of demons,' because it filleth the imagination, and yet it is but with the shadow of a lie." So said the great philosopher; and so too many have believed, because they were told to believe by one who spoke with authority. Lord Bacon did not reflect on the abuse of this word, LIE. HE, of all men, ought not to have forgotten what he so well knew, that a *fiction* is not necessarily a LIE. He should have remembered that fables are truths to the wise. Plato, though he would have banished poets from his ideal republic, meaning thereby the writers of licentious and mischievous plays, and not the real poets, had more correct notions of the sublimity and divinity of poetry. He said that "*poetry comes nearer to vital truth than history.*" And this, indeed, is the secret source of the power and grandeur of poetry. The highest poetry approaches nearest to vital truth; and poetry is only good and beautiful, and worthy to be loved and admired, in proportion as it identifies itself with the truth. No truth can be alien or inappropriate to it. It embraces all things, and has no other bounds than the aspirations of the soul of man, its knowledge and enjoyment of the actual, and its hopes of the possible. While the world has thus been led astray by inconsiderate criticism, and while rhymers have written and published piles of wearisome books, founded upon this misconception, it is no wonder that poetry has fallen into some disfavour with men who have something else to think of and to do than to read mere fictions, without any soul of truth; inane repetitions, teaching nothing, containing nothing, and as worthless as Lord Bacon imagined all

poetry to be. While such ideas have been considered criticism, the province of poetry has been restricted as a necessary consequence. The poet, too commonly by his own consent, has been tethered with a critical string. Criticism has said to him, "You shall not touch upon religion; that is not within your province. You shall not meddle with politics; they are alien to you. You shall not travel into the regions of science; for science and poetry are antagonistic. You may listen to the birds singing, the streams flowing, or the sea roaring; you may make love verses, or write pastorals; you may be passionate or musical, or merry, or melancholy, if you will. All you have to do is to amuse us, and leave serious subjects alone." Dr. Johnson, in his *Life of Akenside*, informs us, that "with the *philosophical* or *religious* tenets of the author *he had nothing to do;* his *business was with his poetry.*" And this he said, although his poetry could not be properly considered without the politics and religion which gave it a colour. Again, in his *Life of Dr. Watts*, he hinted, what is known to have been his belief, that good poetry could not be written upon a religious topic. "It is sufficient for Watts," said he, "to have done better than others, what no man has done well." To introduce politics into poetry is thought to be wrong by many critics, who would think you injured them if you questioned their acuteness. "The union of politics with poetry," say they, "is always hurtful to the politics, and fatal to the poetry." In fact, they consider it unpardonable to wed them together; or even to let the smallest love passage take place betwixt them; "as if," say the objectors, "we have not politics enough in the newspapers, in public places, at the very corners of the streets." And they say right, if their idea of poetry be right; but not right for those who have notions more exalted, and sympathies more extended. These objectors confound politics with party, which is a mistake; and they think poetry destined for mere amusement, which is another. They do not think that there are politics far better than any parties that ever were formed; and that the amusement found in poetry is a mere accident—an extrinsic adornment only—and that its object is to teach, exalt, and refine; to inspire, like religion, the humble with dignity, the sad with comfort, the oppressed with hope; to

show the abundant and overflowing blessings of familiar things—the riches, the beauty, and the beneficence of nature; to fill all men with the love of God and of one another; and to encourage society in its onward career from bad into good, and from good into better, through all Time into Eternity. The lovers of mere amusement have not reached this pinnacle, and do not see so goodly a prospect around them. But they ought to educate their faculties, until their minds *can* soar to these high regions, before they pronounce what poetry ought not to be, and define the limits which it should not overstep.

Yet, after all, it is not so surprising that critics should go wrong, when those who should be superior to the critics—the poets themselves—have set the bad example. When Charles II. objected to Edmund Waller, that his verses upon Cromwell were better than those he had written about his lawful sovereign, Waller replied, "*Your Majesty knows that we poets succeed better in fiction than in truth.*" In this pretty speech, he behaved like a courtier and a man of the world, but not like a poet, and committed treason to the majesty of his art. We find a modern poet, too, seriously accommodating himself to the same error—Mr. Monckton Milnes, in his volume entitled *Palm Leaves*, devotes a poem to the praise of Mahomet, as a prophet and a legislator. He speaks of him as—

> "No poet he, weaving capricious dreams
> To please inconstant youth;
> But one who uttered without shows and seems
> The serious facts of Truth."

This, it must be admitted, is strange language to come from one claiming to have "the vision and the faculty divine." As if a poet could not utter "serious facts" without "shows" and "seems," and as if a poet were, of necessity, a vain dreamer, and an idler of no use or advantage to society!

Mr. Wordsworth, whose writings testify loudly to the utter untenableness of this theory, has also uttered a sentence which some have interpreted to the depreciation of his divine art. He says, in an essay supplementary to one of his early prefaces,

"that the appropriate business of poetry, her appropriate employment, her privilege, her duty, is to treat of things not as they *are*, but as they appear; not as they exist in themselves, but as they *seem* to exist to the senses and the passions." It is, however, no depreciation of poetry to assert that its province is not to treat of things as they are. His meaning is, not *merely* as they are; but to add to them a grace and a beauty over and above their positive existence. He will not diminish the existence of a thing, but he will *increase* its existence by the aid of the beauty perceived by the senses and given by the passions. He never considers that the province of poetry is the unreal against the real, the fictitious uninclusive of the true; and against such a theory his poems are immortal evidence, as Milton's are, and Shakspeare's, and those of all great poets.

Very many of those who restrict the domain of poetry are fain to admit, upon discussion, that religion and politics, in their highest sense, are legitimate sources of inspiration; but they stipulate for pure religion, not sectarianism, and for catholic and national politics, not for party warfare. This being conceded—and that poetry should enter within these precincts solely in search of, and for the promulgation of, truth—they would, nevertheless, shut the door of science against it. Within this they will on no account suffer it to enter. "The scholar," says Madame de Staël, as quoted by D'Israeli the elder, in the fourteenth chapter of his *Essay on the Literary Character*, "has nothing to say to the poet, the poet to the naturalist." The author of *Sketches of the History of Literature and Learning in England*, published in *Knight's Weekly Volumes*, falls in a degree into this error. He says, in his notice of Darwin, that his scientific descriptions, in the *Botanic Garden* and the *Loves of the Plants*, "display more ingenuity than poetry"—a judgment in which most men will agree. He goes on to say—"Poetry and Science are two rival and hostile powers. Whenever anything has been reduced to matter of science, its poetical character is extinguished; it ceases to appeal to any passion or affection. What was veneration or terror, religion or superstition, becomes satisfied and unimpassioned intelligence. Imagination is dethroned there; its creative power abolished and destroyed,

its transforming illumination made impossible. Even mere wonder, the lowest of all the imaginative states of mind, ceases, when the scientific comprehension is complete; for, of course, when understood, no one thing is really more wonderful than another. * * * The tendency of science is to reduce and level; the tendency of poetry is to magnify and exalt. Each, therefore, has its proper and peculiar ground. They cannot act in concert. In other words, it is impossible to treat any subject at once scientifically and poetically." The author of the *Pleasures of Hope* expressed a similar sentiment in his celebrated *Ode to the Rainbow*—

> "When Science from Creation's face
> Enchantment's veil withdraws,
> What lovely visions yield their place
> To cold material laws."

Both of these writers seem to be wrong in this particular, the first more especially so. No doubt the prose writer is quite correct in his condemnation of the technicalities and scientific minutiæ of Darwin, and their incapability of poetical treatment; but he carries his principle too far, and falls into a great mistake. Any one must have studied "the great truths of science" to little purpose, who can talk of the "satisfied and unimpassioned intelligence" with which he comprehends them. Those truths, even the very least of them, are of sublimest import; and it is not after such a manner that those who have most studied, and who know most of the ever wondrous, ever new revelations of science, would think it fitting for the humble spirit—humble in the littleness of the highest knowledge—to speak either of the known or the unknown agencies of the Indefinitude. Poetry may and must treat of the truths of science, wherever it suits its purpose to do so, or it abdicates a portion of its prerogative. This it can do without allusion to technicalities and trivialities, such as those which so offend us in the writings of Darwin. As for the solitary stanza of Campbell, no true poet will take it for his guide. No man knew better than Campbell that science was the nursing mother of poetry, who showed it whither to fly, and to what glorious regions to turn in search of new inspiration. In spite of his authority in this stanza,

great as many will consider it, we, in our day, must acknowledge that the withdrawal by science of the veil from creation's face, though it may deprive fancy of some filagree adornments, robs imagination of nothing. The rainbow has venerable associations, when we think upon it as the sign of the covenant:

> "We think its jubilee to keep,
> The first made anthems rang.
> On earth delivered from the deep,
> And the first poet sang."

But science, which shows us the secret wonders of its mechanism, adds a new delight to its contemplation, without depriving it of this. We see it spanning heaven like an arch; we see it, if we stand upon the mountain-tops, developed into the complete circle; we see its counterpart in the spray of the torrent on a sunny day; and can produce Irises as often as we will, in the glancing drops cast upwards in the sunshine from the paddle-wheels of steam-boats—the same in their magnificent hues, so exquisitely overlaid, and gliding the one into the other with the same loveliness. We acknowledge the simplicity, the grandeur, the majesty, of "the material law" which is obeyed in their formation. We find that law to be, not cold, as Campbell sings, but warm and fruitful, producing invariable and inevitable results from the same causes. We see that both the cause and the effect are proofs of infinite wisdom and divine goodness filling all nature with things of beauty, of which the contemplation increases our enjoyments and exalts our souls, and makes us fitter to be true men in this world, and to mount in the scale of creation in the next to a state of a higher intelligence, purer love, and more certain happiness. The comet careering through the heavens does not cease to impress the mind with its grandeur and its mystery, because it is no longer thought to scatter war and pestilence from its "horrid hair." On the contrary, it inspires emotions still more sublime of the might and majesty of God, when we consider that His hand who made it, made also that awful intellect of man, which traces its course through the infinitude of space, and calculates its coming from afar. The sun is not less poetical as the centre of a vast system, than as a mere adjunct to the earth, set in the heavens to give her light,

and to form the succession of her seasons. The planets are not less "the poetry of heaven" because astrology is defunct. They do not the less loudly chant to the devout soul, in the silence and the splendour of the midnight, that "the hand that made them is divine," because we believe them to be, like the kindred planet on which we live and move, the abode of myriads of immortal spirits, playing their allotted part in the mighty progression of the universe. The stars, scattered in such seeming confusion over space, are not the less poetical because we, by the aid of science, have discovered order amidst apparent disorder, because we have grasped the majestic secret of gravitation, and beheld the simplicity and the universality of the law which upholds and regulates them, in all the complication of their harmony. The Milky Way, as resolved into suns, systems, and firmaments, by the telescopes of Herschel and Lord Rosse, does not the less impress us with awe and adoration, because it is no longer a faint light in the heavens, but a congregation of innumerable worlds. The nebula in Orion, that white fleecy cloud on the far verge of space, does not become unpoetical when we know that it is a universe; nor do we look upon that great constellation of Orion itself with less prostration of our feeble powers—with less hopefulness that we too shall be made perfect, because science teaches us that our sun and all its train of planets are moving towards one of its stars; and that, in this mystic development, the 6,000 years of recorded history multiplied by 6,000, and that product multiplied by itself, are but the fragment of a cycle, and the morning of a day. No! Poetry is not inimical to Science, nor Science hostile to Poetry. Poetry is universal. It includes every subject; and can no more be restricted in its range, than the Intellect, the Hope, and the Faith of man, of which it is the grandest exponent and the most sublime expression—making Intellect more intellectual, Hope more hopeful, and Religion more religious.

If we inquire into the subject of the duties of the poet in the present age, we should first of all consider what the age is—what are its desires and aspirations—what its characteristics, and at what point of human development it actually stands. That the age is utilitarian most men assert. Let us inquire what the word

means. Mr. Bentham either invented it for his philosophy, or it was fastened upon him by others. In either case it is a good word, if its meaning be not unduly restricted. Some men are such strict utilitarians, that in the furnishing of a house (for other people) they would exclude the ornamental. They would have the kitchen poker and the roasting-jack, the chair, the table, and the bed, the carpet, and perhaps the curtains; but not the picture, nor the bust, nor the poem, nor the play, nor the novel. These are a small class only. Utilitarianism is a much better thing than they would make of it. This class of people are rarely met with in private life, and if they preach such a doctrine, they rarely practise it. We sometimes hear of them in the House of Commons, where the money of the nation is begrudged for every purpose tending to the advancement of art, or literature, or the encouragement of those who excel in them. But individual men are generally ashamed of such a restriction to their idea of utility. True utility by no means excludes the ornamental. It does not consider man as an animal only, but as a being with an immortal soul. Utilitarianism, in its widest and only true sense, includes the wants of both body and soul. It has relation to the complete man. It is not sufficient that we should gain victories over time, and space, and the obstruction of matter; but the mind has its cravings as well as the body, which must be satisfied. Utilitarianism of this kind is essentially popular and philanthropic. It requires that the bulk of mankind should be made physically comfortable, as a preliminary to their being mentally and spiritually happier than they are. Without losing any of their hopes of a higher state of existence in another world, or departing from the faith which teaches that hope, the men of the present day are very strongly impressed with the belief that this world can be made very much better than it is. Looking back to history, they find that man's career is but a record of crime; that the many have been the victims of the evil passions of the few; that bloody wars, debasing superstitions, revenge, cruelty, lust, and ignorance, have filled the world with misery since time began; that in the more peaceful periods of human history, when art, science, and learning flourished—when intellect gained its most splendid victories—the great masses of mankind were sunk in

physical or mental slavery—and that in the bosom of civilization herself the multitudes have not participated in her benefits, but have been the prey of poverty, disease, and crime. Reason and faith, and all experience, as far as it has gone, combine to show that this state of things is not a necessary consequence of man's nature. By looking about us, we see that many evils have been remedied; that a great many more are falling beneath the advances of intelligence, and the sublime doctrine of Christianity, that we ought to love one another; and we are encouraged by that which has been already done to hope for much more. Science, by increasing the physical comforts of mankind, is preparing the way for mental blessings and mental progress, to an extent which to some minds seems Utopian to imagine, but which will be realised nevertheless. All our physical conquests over matter are proofs and results of mental energies, working to various ends, and all of them we cannot doubt, though we may not yet understand, to ultimate spiritual, as well as physical, good. The utilitarian, who confines utility to merely physical advantage, may deny in a great degree the usefulness of literature, and wholly deny the usefulness of poetry. Believing it to be founded on fiction; to be, as the ancient father has it, "the vain shadow of a lie," he may say that he will have none of it; and turn his mind to the contemplation of his money-bags. But there are better and truer utilitarians than the men of this class; who can see a good, and consequently a beauty, in every manifestation of the human intellect. To utilitarians who believe this, poetry has as great a claim to respect as science or religion—provided always it be TRUE poetry. It follows from the utilitarianism of the age—if this be a correct definition of it—that it is an earnest age; for if facts be stubborn things, utility is an earnest and a thoughtful thing, and the man who would exert any influence over such an age, must himself be thoroughly and hopefully in earnest. Hitherto, in England, the great fault of men of letters, as a class, has been a deficiency of earnestness. They have not loved their vocation. Notwithstanding all their vanity and pride, they have been ashamed of it. Their lot has been cast in a country where there was a tendency to wealth-worship, and a rush into all professions or pursuits promising to success the rewards of wealth

or rank. The man of letters has had no chance of either from *his* profession; he has not been recognized at all; and but too often thrown into it from a failure in other pursuits of life—like a friendless woman, who, losing her husband, sets up a day-school as a last resource in her extremity. Too often, therefore, they have cringed to the powerful, or pandered to the passions and prejudices of the crowd. Writers of this class have done nothing for literature but degrade it. They have impaired the respect of serious men for all literature that is not stamped with the seal of antiquity, or the approval of one generation of thinkers at least, and rendered more difficult the task of him who loves it and cultivates it for its own sake, independently of worldly recompense. Happily this earnestness of feeling, without which no good can be done, is increasing; and the day seems to be approaching when an author will no more be ashamed of his profession than a lawyer or a divine, a painter or a physician, a merchant or a manufacturer. The new generation read books. A bold and craving spirit is abroad. Our living authors should remember that the great minds of the past preach to us evermore. By a divine privilege, we are enabled to converse with the mighty men who went before us. Their words and thoughts are perpetuated for our consolation, our instruction, and our guidance. We weep for the sorrows, rejoice for the gladness, tremble with the fears, and glow with the hopes, of departed centuries. And if our living writers will not fulfil their high functions in as good a spirit as these, they are unworthy of the high place that would otherwise have been set apart for them. They distract the attention of the age with their vain babble, and bring contempt upon a vocation which should be considered holy. We have books enough, and more than enough. Hence the arduous task reserved for all writers, and more especially for poets, in the present day—for men who would reflect the age, and yet be in advance of it—who would be of sympathies with it and yet beyond it—who would give it the blossoms of their intellect with a full certainty that those blossoms, fair and flowery to this age, would be fruit to the ages which are to follow it.

To think that because we are a practical people, living in a practical age, that we shall no more find pleasure in the varied

beauty of nature, animate and inanimate; that the beams of the sun, or the mental sunshine of bright faces, shall fill us no more with delight; that love, or hopes, or joys, or sorrows, shall no more affect us; or that poetry, which refines and spiritualizes all these, shall be extinguished by the progress of civilization, is mere lunacy. As civilization increases, the world will, doubtless, become more difficult to please in poetry. The wiser men grow, the less aptitude will they exhibit for being put off with shadows instead of realities. But poetry itself, purified and exalted, will all the more purify and exalt mankind. Those who speak great truths from their fulness of heart, and enshrine them in noble words set to the music which stirs the blood, will never want listeners. The poets who would do that have an arduous but noble task. Such poets need not fear that they have fallen upon evil times for their vocation; if they be but in earnest with it, and will not make it their pastime, but the business and recompense of their lives. Let them put on their singing robes cheerily in the face of heaven and nature; and wear them in a trustful and patient spirit, and speak that which is in them for the advancement of their kind and the glory of their Creator, and there will be no risk that they will be allowed to sing in the wilderness, "no man listening to them."

# POEMS.

## EGERIA.

### CANTO I.—THE SEASHORE.

Upon the lonely margin of the sea,
Whose crested waves beat hoarsely on the shore,
Warring against it with perpetual feud,
Sat Julian, young and fair, but full of woe.
His calm blue eyes were turned upon the deep,
Looking, not seeing: all his thought, self-poised,
Seemed centred in untold calamity.
Beside him stood another, more mature,
But youthful still, and in his early prime,
With sun-brown skin, full eyes, and ruddy cheeks,
An open front, and light thick-clustering hair.
"Julian," he said, "why dwells upon thy brow
This settled grief? Art thou not young? and rich?
And strong? and healthful?—with a host of friends?

Hast thou not everything the world can give?
All that the heart can crave, or sense desire?
Hast thou not intellect, and power, and fame,
And heavenly opportunity of growth?
And yet, from day to day, and night to night,
Thou sittest moping o'er ideal griefs;—
A moony idiot were not worse than thou."

"Ay, thou mayst talk and lecture, Montague!
I've run some round of pleasure in my time;
I've seen and heard, and studied and explored,
Examined, delved, weighed, suffered, thought, enjoyed,
Tried every pleasure, tasted every pain,
And, like King Solomon, with deep disgust,
I can but cry, 'Oh, empty Vanity!
Oh, sharp vexation! mockery! despair!'"

A loud, long laugh was Montague's response;
But still the other kept his moody mien,
And looked so woe-begone and sick of heart,
His friend took pity on his misery,
And spake him kindly:—"Julian, thou art ill.
It is not natural a man should brood
Ever on sorrow, where no sorrow dwells.
Perchance thy busy brain is overwrought
With mental toil:—come, give thy heart a turn—
Thy heart, thy limbs, thy morals, and thy life.
Leave books and study, systems, dogmas, creeds,
Divines, philosophers, historians, bards:—

Pamphlets, blue-books, and leading-articles.
Leave the economists, Oh, leave them all,
Until some surer science than they teach,
Of social justice, shall dispel their doubts,
And lead them to the light from utter dark.
And, worse than all, leave metaphysic lore,
Which sinks thee floundering in chaotic glooms,
Till thou art dubious of the Universe,
And of thy little self as part of it.
Leave them awhile, and let 's go hunt, or shoot,
Or swim, or climb the hills, or give a feast,
Or dance with Beauty in the glittering ball;—
Or travel into Iceland, or to Ind,
Or through the desert to the Pyramids,
Or over Andean heights; or, if thou wilt,
To San Francisco and the golden land."

"I like thee, Montague, but I am sad.
I 've lost my faith, my courage, and my hope,
And often doubt if Evil or if Good
Made and upholds this wretched Universe.
The earth is foul, the o'er-arching skies are black,
When I behold the misery and wrong,
The crimes and follies of humanity."

"Mere moony madness, Julian; throw it off,
Nor vilify the world, thyself, and God."

"Not so; for I have looked into my heart,
And in its mirror I have seen—*myself:*

Myself, not worst of all the crawling things
That desecrate the innocent lap of earth;
And what I saw I 've wept and shuddered at.
A blight is on me. I am young in years,
But old before my time with deep disgust
At mine ownself—at Man—at Heaven—at Fate."

"A pretty bridegroom, Julian, thou wouldst make,
Brimful, of warring doubts and phantasies.
My sister shall not wed misanthropy;
I will persuade her to uproot her love,
And pluck it from the tendrils of her heart,
Unless her bridegroom shall grow sane again,
And love all humankind for sake of her.
Why, 't was but yestermorn thou swor'st an oath,
That Ellen's love was paradise to win,
And thou hadst won it. Julian, be a man,
And cease this whooping, hideous as an owl's;
Come, I will be thy doctor in this case,
And cure thee for the credit of my craft."

"Tell thy fair sister, Montague, her love
Exalts me to myself, and her to heaven.
Tell her I love her as beseems a man,
With heart and soul, and stedfast purity;
And that since time began, and earth was earth,
Was never woman more beloved than she:
Were she estranged, I should be mad indeed,
And life would lose its latest spark of light."

" If so, I 'll cure thee, or my leechcraft fails.
Come with me to the fields, and skip, run, leap—
The breath of heaven shall waft thee quietude,
The breeze of morn bear healing to thy brain,
The voice of Nature speak to thee of peace,
And with perpetual comfort, ever new,
Free thy sad spirit from the evil thoughts
That dim the lovely world, and poison air
With cancerous blotches. Julian, be advised,
And I will make thee whole. Hark ! in the sky
The lark sings merrily, the river brawls,
Running its happy journey to the sea.
The doves are cooing on the forest boughs,
The sunlight streams upon the distant hills—
All Nature smiles in innocence and joy :
The very wind that sports amid the leaves
Whispers the loveliness of earth and life."

" Ay, of the earth," he said, " but not of man ;
The vain, capricious, sanguinary fool,
Who makes his gods in likeness of himself,
And peoples heaven with base divinities—
Creatures of lust impure, and savage guile.—
Ah ! were the world a world of little babes,
That never ripened into full-grown men,
I might confess the heavenliness of earth,
And see the vision of a paradise !
But time and change brew evil out of good,

And of the innocent suckling make a man,
And of the man a thing that cheats and lies,
And kills his fellows for religious hate.
Have *I* not, Montague—say, have not *I*
Essayed to teach this base and sordid age
The heavenly truths it knows not? Have not *I*
Endeavoured to instill the sense of Right,
Of Mercy, Justice, Charity, and Truth,
To this swine multitude, mire-wallowing,
And garbage-gorged? And what is my reward?
The hate of men I would have died to serve,
The persecution of the lying scribes,
The gibes and insults of the ignorant mob,
The scorn of fools, who love their beaten ways,
Ev'n though they lead through mire and slags and thorns
To wilderness and precipice and swamp,
Better than newer pathways edged with flowers.
I tell them peace is holier than war,
And they would slay me for the heresy;
I tell them love is more divine than hate,
And they detest me, and assault with lies;
I tell them God is love, and they invoke
Ten thousand angry and insatiate fiends
To launch their thunderbolts, and strike me dumb."

"Thou wouldst reform the world—reform thyself!
Thou art too zealous. Why should men efface
Their old traditions, prejudices, laws,

Ideas, manners, creeds, and forms of faith,
Merely that thou shouldst build them up afresh
On a new model, such as earth ne'er saw?
Men love the old—they cling to what they learn'd
From sires and grandsires, and from grandams too.
Thou canst not make blank pages of their hearts,
For new philosophers to scribble on.
The old, old writing, stereotyped, remains;
A venerable lie outweighs a truth
That only saw the daylight yesterday.
An ancient error is a thing for love,
Not to be outraged with impunity.
What if men foolishly invoke on thee
The fatal thunderbolts? Will they descend
Because they crave them? Live unto thyself,
To Nature, and to God, and let the world,
Vicious or virtuous, roll as it is wont.
Hast thou a mission from Eternal Fate,
Which made mankind for good and not for ill,
To make them, or remake them, to thy bent?
If evil things take root, and fructify
In the fat soil and substance of the heart,
Shalt thou be stronger than Omnipotence
To weed them out? Art thou more wise than God,
Who, for His own wise purposes, permits
Or makes the evil which thy soul deplores?
Shall man transform the imperfect earth to heaven,

Or strive t' anticipate the eternal day,
Not of his fixing, but of God's alone,
When he shall grow to the angelic height,
And wear the white robes of the seraphim?
"But let us talk no more of things like these,
I am aweary of misanthropy.
I hate its look—its words—its whereabout;
I 'd rather be a savage in the woods,
And love my wife, my child, my friend, my dog,
Than be a moon-struck mad philosopher,
Sick of the world, disgusted with myself,
Having no faith in man, in truth, or God.
Time was when thou couldst laugh, and jest, and sing,
Hear music, drink delight, make Turkish heaven,
Draw inspiration from bright hazel orbs,
Dote upon eyes of blue, and swear by black—
When thou couldst toy with flowing auburn locks,
And beg a tress or curl of raven hair
To make a brooch, a locket, or a ring—
When for a smile thou 'dst walk a hundred leagues,
And for a kiss go mad as Anthony.
Do so again—do anything but this.
I could endure the worst extravagance,
All sensual outbreak—all insane delight,
Sooner than hatred. Oh! I 'm sick of Hate,
And cordially detest Misanthropy."
"Bear with me, Montague, I am not sane,

And yet, dear friend, I think I am not mad.
There 's something wrong: some small invisible hinge
In mind or brain will neither ope nor shut;
My nerves are instruments of torturing pain;
I am a harp so utterly out of tune,
That not Cecilia's self could draw a note
Of heavenly melody from such a string."

"Repose!—and Nature's vivifying touch
Shall bring thee healing. Thou art overwrought;
Give thyself holiday, and plod no more;
Take thy enjoyment on the quiet hills;
Bathe in the ocean surf upon the beach,
Or hear sweet music in the birken bowers;
Roam in the field, the forest, or the mount,
And whisper to the spirit of the wilds—
The soul of Nature, nymph Egeria.
She is not dead: her oracles respond."—

"Egeria! vision of the men of old!
Oh, that the dream might be reality!
That I could summon her ideal form,
And track the spirit to her secret haunts,
Communing with her upon earth and heaven,
Another Numa; draining from her lips
Sweet reconcilement with the world and man!"

"What if I summoned her? and if my power
Could, from the vague idea of thy brain,
Shape her before thee, radiant, fair, and young?

Mine eyes behold her. Often, all alone,
I 've wandered with her through the trackless woods,
I 've sat beside her by the fountain's brim,
I 've laid my head upon her tender breast,
I 've seen her thin robes floating on the wind,
I 've seen her shooting o'er the arch of heaven
Bright as a meteor: on the thunder-cloud
I 've seen her riding: on the lightning flash
I 've seen her fly. In calm and storm alike,
I 've seen her skim the foam-bursts of the sea,
Or glide to lily-bells and drop asleep,
Or trail her garments in the morning dew."

"Dreamer of dreams! would I could dream like thou!"—

"Dreams grow realities to earnest men.
It may be true, as old logicians taught,
That Earth and all its shows and vanities,
Thyself, myself, and all that we behold,
Are dreams, projected on a bodiless mind.
But no!—the world is hard and stubborn fact,
A world of laws, of pains, and penalties,
And dreams are spirits, wandering to and fro,
To be embodied for behoof of those
Who can make angels of them at their will.
And so this dream, Egeria, shall be
A visible presence, to attune thy soul
To purer harmony with God and man."

## CANTO II.—THE FOUNTAIN.

DEEP in the shade of high o'er-arching trees,
Birches and beeches, elms and knotted oaks,
A fountain murmured with a pleasant sound.
Not often through those thick umbrageous leaves
Pierced the full glory of the noon-day sun;
Not often through those pendulous branches hoar
Glittered the mellow radiance of the moon.
A cool dim twilight, with perpetual haze,
Crept through the intricate byways of the wood,
And hung like vapour on the ancient trees;
The place was musical with sweetest sounds,
The fountain sang a soft monotonous song;
The leaves and branches rustled to the wind
With whispered melody; the waving grass
Answered the whisper in a softer tone;
While morn and eve, the midnight and the noon,
Were listeners to the rapturous minstrelsy
Of lark and linnet, nightingale and thrush,
And all the feathered people of the boughs.

In this calm nook, secluded from the world,
The marble statue of a nymph antique
Stood in the shadow: radiant were her limbs
With modesty; her up-turned face was bright

With mental glory and serene repose;
The full round arms and figure to the midst,
Displayed the charm of chastest nudity;
A flowing drapery round her lower limbs,
In ample folds concealed the loveliness,
The majesty, and glory of the form.
One hand was raised and pointed to the stars,
The other, resting on her snow-white breast,
Seemed as it felt the pulsing of her heart;
She stood the symbol of enraptured thought
And holy musing. At her feet an urn
Poured in a marble fount a constant stream
Of limpid water; sacred seemed the place
To philosophic and religious calm;
The very wind that stirred the upper boughs
Seemed as attuned to choral harmonies.
Upon the pedestal these words inscribed,
In Grecian character revealed her name:
"*Egeria*—he who seeks her here, shall find;
"Love be his light, and purity his guide."
Thither at noon came Julian and his friend.
"Behold," said Montague, "the nymph divine;
The visible portraiture of her whose voice
Poured healing, in the simple days of old,
To Numa's soul, when he was sad as thou.
Hast any faith in the unseen but true?
And canst thou free thy spirit from the yoke

Of things material, gross, and palpable,
And soar with mine beyond the bounds of sense?"
"I have small faith," said Julian; "sense to me
Is the main anchor; immaterial things
Are less than shadows; yet perchance they *are*."—
"Believe!" said Montague, "and thou shalt learn!
My powerful will shall work a miracle.
With mystic wave and passes of my hand,
I 'll pour upon thy spirit, and thy brain,
Another sense more vigorous than sight;
And thou shalt see, what thou hast never seen,
And thou shalt hear, what thou hast never heard;
And, in the kernel of the Universe,
Behold the hidden causes at their work."
A smile incredulous o'er Julian's face
Shot rapidly as light. "I 'll try thy skill.
'T is possible that I may drop to sleep;—
Great is the magic of monotony!
If thou canst lull me in mesmeric trance,
And from thy fingers shed upon my brain
The sense additional of spiritual sight,
I 'll own the truths I may have long denied,
And fix no limits to the possible.
Go on. I would behold Egeria."
Upon the rustic bench they sat them down,
And Julian was aware of strength infused
Into his eyes—into his brain, and heart.

Deep slumber clad him like a coat-of-mail,
From which, awaking into fuller life,
He felt that from his eyes a film had dropt.
An inward light pervaded all his frame;
A tremulous feeling of ecstatic joy
Possessed his spirit:—"This is happiness.
I float—I fly—the music of the stars
Rings in mine ears; mine eyes behold the light—
The hidden things are dark to me no more."
The statue bent her eyes upon his face,
And looked upon him with benignant smile,
And then, descending from the pedestal,
Stood at his side in maiden bashfulness.
"Julian," she said, "thou hast desired mine aid;
He who would woo me must be pure of heart,
And look on Nature with a loving mind.
The secrets of the Universe are closed
To hatred, scorn, impurity, and guile.
A little child can see them, while the man,
A prey to passion, blinded by his pride,
His groping knowledge, and his self-conceit,
Walks in the darkness, and but dreams he sees."
"Spirit of Nature, let me be a child!"
"Behold!" she said, and touched him on the eyes,
And he was conscious of a power divine,
Which gave him strength to feel and understand.
"Thou who art weary of the world and men,

And makest moan of misery and wrong;
Thou who complainest of the doom of toil,
The law of death, the penalty of pain,
Deeming them evil, heavy burdens borne
By man alone, the helot of the world—
Behold, and learn!" He looked, and at his feet,
Above him, and around, on every side,
He saw the tremor and the gush of life.
Leaf spoke to leaf upon the tree-tops high,
The knotted oak was comrade of the wind,
And waved in pleasure its extremest boughs;
It spread its roots in earth, its arms in heaven,
With sense of being. Daisies in the sward
Nodded their cups with joy; the hare-bells blue
Shook to the passing breezes with delight;
The very grass that nestled in the shade
Knew it existed, and enjoyed its life.
He looked again, and leaf, and blade, and flower,
Were populous with happy living things.
The hare-bell cup was spacious as a world;
The rough rind of the sheltering oak-tree branch
Supported in its tiny villages
Myriads of creatures, borne on pinions bright,
Resplendent with all colours interfused.
The cricket chirupped in his coat of mail;
The brisk cicada answered him aloud,
And rubbed the emerald armour of his thighs.

The glittering beetle trod the yielding grass,
Proud of his panoply. The buzzing gnat,
With jewelled brow and feathers in her hair,
Pealed her triumphal horn. The nimble midge
Danced as if dancing were supremest joy,
And shook her wings in gladness. Butterflies,
Conscious of beauty, sped from flower to flower,
And flaunted in the aspect of the day
Their robes of spangled tissue, fairer far
Than ever caliph for his blushing bride
Bought with the wealth of conquered provinces.
And countless hosts of scarcely visible things
Lived and were happy in each leaf and bud,
In every crinkle of the oaken bark,
In every dew-drop trembling on the flower.
To them a world. Most beautiful were all,
Whate'er their form, their structure, or their size:
And Julian blessed them for Egeria's sake.

"Behold, once more!" the radiant spirit said.
And lo! fierce war through all the woodland raged.
The emmets marched their armies to the strife,
And slew each other, as at Waterloo
Insensate men destroyed their fellow-men,
And all the ground was covered with the dead.
The hungry finch pursued the butterfly;
The hawk, down swooping from mid-air, perceived
The timid songster hidden in the boughs,

And dealt the blow of death; the spider spread
His intricate web, to snare the gnat and fly,
Proud of their finery; the beetle's jaws
Consumed whole nations for his noon-day meal;
The caterpillar crawled upon the leaf,
Among the calm, unconscious aphides,
Like Typhon 'mid the flocks of Sicily—
Gigantic horror prowled. "Complaining man,"
Whispered Egeria, "see the law of life.
The grass must wither, and the flower must fall.
The oak, whose rings mark centuries of growth,
Must perish in its season. All this life,
That sports and flutters in the breeze of heaven,
Like thee has sense of happiness and joy—
Like thee must pay the penalty of pain—
Like thee it toils to live—like thee supports
The burden of the elements, and yields
Obedience to the laws of time and space—
And is, like thee, inheritor of death."
"And all the stars?" said Julian. "In those orbs,
That shine upon the forehead of the night
With lustre so benign, is Death the lord?
Are toil and pain the lot of all who live
In heaven, as on the earth?" Egeria smiled.
"The great condition of all life is Death.
Would'st have the bane, and not the antidote?
How couldst thou know the heat, if not for cold?

How comprehend the light, if not for dark?
How north, if not for south? How could thy sense
Interpret upwards, were it not for down?
Wouldst banish Death? Go back six thousand years,
And make a world where Death should never come,
A world without an evil or a toil,
Without the polar principle of pain,
And tell me what a hell such world would be!
Behold th' eternal and untoiling stones;—
Pain cannot touch them: Death is impotent:
O'er them the summer's heat and winter's cold
Glide harmless ever. Happy are the stones!
Wouldst lower thy humanity to them,
And fill thine earth, and the remotest stars,
With senseless minerals? Oh! fair is Life—
Life, and her sister Death—twin-born, co-reared,
And co-existent to eternity."
"Oh, misery!—Oh, utter misery!"
Said Julian, shuddering through all his frame.
"Are great Orion and the Pleiades,
Arcturus, and the heavenly galaxy—
Is all this boundless universe of stars,
This dread Infinitude of worlds and suns,
One great pulsation of incessant pain?
Is Death indeed the universal lord?"
"And wherefore not?" the spirit made reply.
"Is Death not Life? Why wilt thou close thy sense?

Is not thy rest the offspring of thy toil?
Is not thy labour pole of thy repose?
And thine indulgence creature of thy need?"
" But pain," said Julian, " never-ending pain?"
" There is no pain but for the ignorant—
Pain is the friend and guardian of the wise,"
Whispered the spirit. " Wouldst thou place thy hand
In the consuming and destroying fire,
And ask it not to burn? Wouldst fall from heights
Upon the stony bosom of the earth,
And ask it not to bruize? Wouldst break the laws
That govern and uphold the universe—
The modulations of harmonious heaven—
And, without knowledge of thy sacrifice,
Destroy thy being? Wise, and good, and just
Are all the laws and penalties of God."
" But these so beauteous and resplendent things
That people littleness with various life;—
Why should destruction, rapine, war, and wrong
Engulf their myriads? Have they sinned like men?"
" Oh, blind—oh, deaf—oh, miserable soul!"
Replied Egeria. " Tell me, canst thou count
The happy multitudes before thee spread
In this one second of thine earthly time?
Wouldst fill the wholesome universe with flies,
And make the air too thick for human breath?
Death is no evil. Cease, O foolish man!

Thy querulous moaning, and consider Death
No longer as thy foe. A ministering saint,
Her hand shall guide thee, step by step, to God.
Be worthy of her, and so learn to live,
That every incarnation of thy soul,
In other worlds, and spheres, and firmaments,
Shall be more perfect. God's eternity
Is thine to live in:—on thyself depends
Whether for pain or pleasure—good or ill."

"Spirit of Nature, let me not complain!
Mine eyes are opened. I behold a dawn.
The glimmering radiance of a heavenly world
Opens before me, infinitely good.
Death is the mother of Life, and Life of Death.
Attraction and repulsion—heat and cold—
Stagnation and progression—good and ill—
Each is a perfect square that fits with each.
And foolish man, whose small horizon ends
Ere perfect knowledge of the truth begins,
Denies the wonders that he cannot see;—
As grubs and earth-worms might deny the sun,
Or flies ephemeral ignore the year."

## CANTO III.—THE STILL WATERS.

AMID the water-lilies of the lake
A boat sped noiselessly. The rowers twain
Lay on their oars. Most lovely was the night.
The round full moon reflected on the breast
Of those calm waters her unclouded orb.
The mountain tops were bathed in silver sheen.
A holy silence, a divine repose,
Slept on the waters, on the hills and skies.
Nought but the ripple lapping on the boat
Broke on the stillness. All the winds were hushed.
A deep serenity pervaded air.
The silent stars, revolving evermore
With ceaseless motion through the Infinitude,
Preached to the soul their holy homilies
Of little Time, and great Eternity.
"Here, on the bosom of this quite lake,"
Said Julian, whispering to his bride betrothed,
"We sit in presence of the Universe.
We three are to ourselves humanity.
For us the moonlight sheds its ray benign—
For us the lake reposes in its calm,
And the far mountains stand in purple gloom—
For us the awful stars look through the deep

And infinite ether on their sister world,
Creatures of power, and majesty, and joy,
Each laden with its freight of life and death—
We three—we happy three! Oh, Ellen mine!
I have been victim of misanthropy—
I have despaired of Man, of Earth, of Heaven;
But in the quiet beauty of this night,
And in the sweet endearment of those eyes,
I re-awake to happiness and love.
Oh, Love! fair mother of beatitude,
How has my tongue blasphemed thine influence—
How has my heart denied thy holiness!
But I have seen the Spirit of the world,
Talked with Egeria at her sacred fount,
And learned in dreams that evil may be good,
Had man the alchemy to work it out."

"We three—we happy three," said Montague,
"If this thy saying, ponder it again.
Didst never, thinking of the fate of man,
His wisdom and his ignorance, discern
The three-fold nature of his mortal life—
The balance, and the perfect harmony
Of three, the holy number of the world?
Past, Present, Future, merging into one—
And one for ever in the Eternal Mind?
Beginning—middle—end—the sum of things?
Foundation, superstructure, and the roof,

The three necessities that form the house?
The rise, the culmination, and the fall?
The blossom, the fruition, and the seed?
The heart to love, the brain to understand,
The hand to execute?—All these are three,
But one in harmony of great design.
All colours haunt the centre of the prism.
Truth, Beauty, Goodness—Goodness, Beauty, Truth
Mingle for ever into one sweet tune—
The mystic music of the universe.
'T is our allotted task upon the earth
To pluck the mystery out, and make it plain,
And so to balance, in our deed and thought,
Beauty with Truth, and Goodness with them both,
That all our being, fused in harmony,
May make sweet music at the throne of God.

"Behold the Truth, how heavenly fair is she—
How perfect in herself! how great! how small!
The heaven of heavens cannot contain her form,
And yet the atom tossed upon the wind,
Or trampled by the insect in its walk,
Enfolds her majesty. Truth manifold,
Consistent, universal, self-sustained;—
Her smallest fragment is a world complete,
And every fragment fits into the chain,
Which girdles Heaven and holds Eternity.

"Beauty, divinest attribute of things,

How true is she! The falsehood of a line
Mars her perfection. Earth's creative soul,
She fashions Nature in her heavenly mould,
And men and angels worship at her feet.
Her smiles are light, her words are harmonies,
Her touch is rapture. Heaven is full of her,
And Earth does homage to her power divine,
Through all gradations of its teeming life,
From meanest animalcule of the dust,
To the completest organism of man.

"And Goodness, crown and centre of the arch,
How heavenly beautiful, how true is she!
Without her aid, Truth were not possible,
And Beauty's self would grow deformity.

"The perfect man were he—the man unborn—
In whom these three with a divine accord
Centred and poised. Threefold our natures are,
That we may cultivate the germ of each;
And he, whatever be his name or fame,
His wealth or station, power or circumstance,
Who fails in either, is the less a man."

"I see thy thought," said Julian. "Sane and strong,
The perfect man, if such a man could be
To shame the poor abortions of our time,
Would stand in all his physical attributes,
Beauteous as young Apollo of the Greeks,
Might in his hand, and glory on his brow;

In all his moral attributes as good
As the divine exemplar of mankind
In intellectual majesty as true
As fabled Pallas. If such man there were,
Not erring man, but angel, were his name."
"Be it our task," said Montague, "to strive
To climb this far and fair ideal height.
We may not reach it, but all efforts made,
Bring us the nearer to the mountain top.
To such a man how excellent were life!
His life how excellent to all his kind!
To him all nature would pay fealty.
His many sided heart and intellect,
Would draw the sustenance of hope and joy
From seeming evil. Him the Heavens would love,
Him would the Earth receive as king and lord,
Him would each plastic circumstance obey,
Him would all charities, and kindly deeds,
Crown and ennoble. Him, though men denied,
Or scorned or hated, would an inner power,
Raise to a height beyond the reach of harm."
"Who shall attain such heavenly altitude?"
Said mournful Julian, dubious of himself.
"Alas! we are the slaves of circumstance.
Our fathers and forefathers, not ourselves,
Shaped not alone our outward lineaments,
And gave us strength, and fears, and weaknesses,

But moulded to the fashion of their own,
Our hearts and characters. Who shall escape
The thraldom of his country and his time?
Who shall be wiser than the living age?
Men's hearts are blurred, and blotted, and defaced,
And all their primal purity is lost.
No dye shall make the blackness white again,
No hand uplift them. The unhappy Jews
Who crucified the Lord of Heaven and Earth,
Were but the types of modern prejudice;
For were the Saviour to descend again,
Amid the money-changers of our marts,
To preach the doctrine that he taught before,
The self-adoring hypocrites would swarm
In every market-place, and shout his name,
With curses on his innovating creed;
And slay him, if they could, a second time.
'Love them that hate you,' spake the word divine;
'Do good for evil; take no heed of days;
Nor make long prayers in presence of the crowd.
The Lord provideth for the trusting heart:
Behold the white-robed lilies of the field,
Shall He who clothes them in their loveliness,
And feeds the sparrow, not provide for you?
Love one another. If your brother smite,
Smite not again; but turn the wounded cheek,
And shame him with the light of charity.'

Though many preach, how few perform the law!
Where is the Christian of our Christendom?
Eyes cannot see him—sense discover him.
The very Christian in all deed and thought
Existed in this wretched world but once,
And He was hated, scourged, and crucified."

"Perchance thou 'rt right; but from thy point of view
All is misanthropy. His kingdom comes.
Why hate mankind, because they are mankind,
And will not march so rapidly to truth
As in thine eager haste thou 'dst have them run?
Poor insect, fluttering for a summer's day
Upon the glassy bosom of a pool,
Canst thou conceive the dread profundity
Of the Atlantic or Pacific seas?
What is thy life, that in its little space
Thou wouldst accomplish what a thousand years
May fail to work; but which, in God's good time,
Shall dawn upon the long-benighted world?
Thou art too sanguine for philosophy,
And too intolerant of others' faults,
To preach the faith of Christian charity.
Reform thyself, and poise thy nature well:
The perfect balance shall restore thy peace,
And reconcile thee with humanity."

"I have no hatred of my fellow-men,

But pity for their callous ignorance—
Their obstinate prejudice—their hopeless wrong.
But let them grope, and wander where they list,—
Why should I strive to guide them, and still vex
My heart and spirit with their stubbornness?
I will contract my circle to my home,
And live for duty, loving and beloved;
And if I shed within that little sphere
The light of happiness, I 'll be content,
And leave my conscience in the hands of God."

Upon him Ellen turned her beaming eyes,
Suffused with hopeful joy. Their souls were one.
True love had conquered false philosophy.
" I 'll tell thee, Julian, of an apologue,"
Said she, and blushed all crimson at the sound
Of her own voice amid the disputants.
" In ancient time, two acorns, in their cups,
Shaken by winds and ripeness from the tree,
Dropped side by side into the ferns and grass:
' Where have I fall'n—to what base region come?'
Exclaimed the one. ' The joyous breeze no more
Rocks me to slumber on the sheltering bough;
The sunlight streams no longer on my face;
I look no more from altitudes serene
Upon the world reposing far below;
Its plains, its hills, its rivers, and its woods.
To me the nightingale sings hymns no more;

But I am made companion of the worm,
And rot on the chill earth. Around me grow
Nothing but useless weeds, and grass, and fern,
Unfit to hold companionship with me.
Ah, me! most wretched! rain, and frost, and dew,
And all the pangs and penalties of earth,
Corrupt me where I lie—degenerate.'
And thus the acorn made its daily moan.
The other raised no murmur of complaint,
And looked with no contempt upon the grass,
Nor called the branching fern a worthless weed,
Nor scorned the woodland flowers that round it blew.
All silently and piously it lay
Upon the kindly bosom of the earth.
It blessed the warmth with which the noon-day sun
Made fruitful all the ground; it loved the dews,
The moonlight and the snow, the frost and rain,
And all the change of seasons as they passed.
It sank into the bosom of the soil:
The bursting life, enclosed within its husk,
Broke through its fetters; it extended roots,
And twined them freely in the grateful ground;
It sprouted up, and looked upon the light;
The sunshine fed it; the embracing air
Endowed it with vitality and strength;
The rains of heaven supplied it nourishment,
And so from month to month, and year to year,

It grew in beauty and in usefulness,
Until its large circumference enclosed
Shelter for flocks and herds; until its boughs
Afforded homes for happy multitudes,
The dormouse, and the chaffinch, and the jay,
And countless myriads of minuter life;
Until its bole, too vast for the embrace
Of human arms, stood in the forest depths,
The model and the glory of the wood:—
Its sister acorn perished in its pride."

"I thank thee, Ellen, for the apologue.
Thine acorn lived its life, and so will I.
Be thou my sunshine, and I 'll live to thee;
And in our shadow, kindly charities
Shall make a daily blessing of our place."

## CANTO IV.—THE UPLAND STREAM.

"THE summer morning is not far advanced,"
Said Julian to his comrade Montague;
"The wind blows freshly, wilt thou trace with me
The mountain rill that tumbles from the height,
So upwards to the mountain top afar?"
"Right willingly, the joyous exercise
Shall give our limbs new vigour; every step
Lead us to calmer heights and purer air.
I love the exploration of a stream,
Upwards, still upwards, to its infant source;—
A life epitome; here, smooth the path,
And easy to the feet; here, difficult—
O'er crags, and stones, and jutting precipice.
Here in a pool the quiet water sleeps,
Like happy days which thou and I have passed;
There, down a gully of the rifted rock
Dashes and hurries, like those passionate hours
That we experience when our blood is hot,
Uncool'd by reason, suffering, and time.
Here, cupola'd by mingling ash and birch;
There, open to the sunlight and the breeze,
And redolent of hawthorn blooms and thyme,
Bog-myrtle, and the wild valerian.

Let us ascend: I'll bear thee company,
And leave Egeria at her fount below."
"Not so—her spirit shall consort with mine.
I have no need of thy mesmeric sleights
To summon to my presence, when I will,
The beautiful Egeria of my dreams.
For me she lives and moves—for me she speaks—
For me she sings celestial melodies.
It wants but effort of the active mind
To people Earth and Heaven with ministering sprites.
The young Aurora, with her rosy cheeks,
Sits, as of yore, at portals of the morn;
And thoughtful Hesper, with her starry eyes,
Looks, as in olden time, from day to night,
And makes both beautiful. Still in each oak,
As poets feigned, the Hamadryads dwell,
And whisper music from the rustling leaves.
Still on the mountain-slopes the Oreads roam,
And course the fleeting shadows of the clouds.
Still on the beach of the sonorous main
The youthful Nereids sport the live-long day,
Or dance by moonlight, when the tide at ebb
Leaves on the sands a circle wide enough
To form the flexile chain of linking hands,
And feet sequential to the harmony
Pealed by the invisible minstrels of the deep.
Still every fountain, every rill and stream,

Possesses in its cool translucent breast
A guardian spirit, who can talk and sing,
And utter oracles to thoughtful men.
The old thoughts never die. Immortal dreams
Outlive their dreamers, and are ours for aye.
No thought once formed and uttered can expire.
The lovely shapes that olden fancy drew
Are still the comrades of unwordly men,
And palpable to sight. All life decays,
And Death transforms it into newer life
With other features—but Eternal Thought
Defies decay. Egeria is as young
To thee and me, as in the ancient time,
When she appeared to Numa in the grove
And taught him wisdom: on her open brow
Three thousand years have striven in vain to leave
The slightest wrinkle. As she was, she is."

"Thoughts are immortal? I deny it not.
But what," said Montague, "were Numa's thoughts,
Inscribed in secret in those mystic tomes,
Which, buried with him for four hundred years,
Were brought to daylight by a busy fool—
Read, judged, condemned, and burned ingloriously,
Because one blockhead deemed them dangerous
To the false gods and prejudice of Rome?"

"They live," said Julian. "All that Numa learned
From solitary converse in the wilds,

With the fair spirit of the breathing world,
Others have learned. The lesson is the same.
The voice of Nature ever preaches truth:—
And Numa's truths, too mighty for his age,
Revived again. All thinkers, sages, bards,
Draw inspiration from the self-same source,
And sing in harmony the same old song;
Still old, still new. But we, discoursing here,
Will lose our morning. If our feet must scale
The craggy altitudes of these steep hills,
Four thousand feet above yon flowing tide,
We must ascend betimes, ere noon-day heats
Make climbing difficult. Let us depart
With flask in pocket, ashen staff in hand;—
We 'll meet Egeria on the mountain top."
So forth they went to trace the upland rill,
Discoursing as they went. The cloudless morn
Was redolent of sweets. High in the air,
Over his nest, the lark made psalmody.
The early bee, contented labourer,
Plied upon thistle-tops and heather-bells
His earnest task. All nature was astir,
Busy, and happy. Every living thing
Enjoyed its life. The pure and genial air—
The brisk, free exercise, and change of scene—
Each scene new beauty—brought to Julian's cheeks
The glow of health: with health came calmer thought,

And happier fancies, unremembered long.
They stood awhile beside a waterfall,
And watched in silence the descending stream,
Pouring the flood adown a precipice,
In foam-flakes silvery as the mountain snow,
And scattering upon either side the spray
That fed the yellow lichens of the rock,
And sprinkled moisture to the feathery fern,
And all the undergrowth of herb and flower.
"I 've not forgot," said Julian, "thy reproof,
That I was over-sanguine to be wise,
And hatched my theories with fruitless haste.—
Yet, when I think how slow a thing is truth—
Slow but immortal—I could weep to see
How slight and powerless a thing is man.
Behold this leaping streamlet that we track!
Adown these self-same rocks, in self-same course,
Its flood has poured, since Cæsar out of Gaul
Landed in Kent amid the savages.
When Numa closed in his barbaric Rome
The gates of Janus, and taught peace and love
To the fierce Romans, still this streamlet ran
With the same music that it makes for us.
When Sardanapalus expired in flame,
These harmless waters trickled down the hill.
When Cheops—if a Cheops ever were—
Built the first pyramid, with petty thought

But mighty tyranny, this mountain brook
Sang to the winds the same rejoicing tune,
That, leaping down the rocks, it sings for me.
When Moses worshipped upon Sinai's peak,
The spray of this glad torrent strewed around
Verdure and mosses, and the fresh spring flowers.
When Abram's herdsmen, and the hinds of Lot,
Quarrelled for pasture lands, this brooklet flowed,
A thing of beauty to the bathing birds,
That then, as now, dipped in its cooling breast
Their ruffled plumes. When Nimrod built his tower,
And asked the insurgent multitude to bend
In adoration of the majesty
Of him, first tyrant, first monopolist,
First king that claimed to rank among the gods,
These waters, from the hill-top to the sea,
Ran 'twixt these banks. When Noah and his sons
Came down from Ararat with bird and beast,
The murmur of this stream amid the grass
Made pleasant music in angelic ears.
In all that time, whilst men have lived and died,
And generations perished like the leaves
With which the nipping Autumn strews the ground;
Whilst mighty empires rose, and lived their day—
And, like small cressets, sick for want of oil,
Flickered and vanished into utter dark—
Where is the moral and religious truth

Which, promulgated then, has run the round
Of men and nations? Tell me—is there one?
I know it not. But in this gulf of Time
How many fatal errors have been born,
And reached their full maturity of harm,
To blind men's physical and mental sight,
And dull with smoke, obscurity, and haze,
The primal beauty of their Intellect!"

"'T is even so," said Montague; "yet still
A progress has been made. The human race
Advances palpably in its career.
Old errors fall, and old truths, seeming new,
Shine on the nations with a steadier light,
And point the way from sloughs of Ignorance
To the firm ground where they must stand at last."

They sat them down upon a boulder stone
In the mid-channel of the chafing stream,
And bathed their faces in a limpid pool
Scooped by the waters of a thousand years
In the hard bosom of the porphyry rock;
And, resting for awhile in the ascent,
Refreshed their throats with moisture. As they sat,
A bee alighting on a clover-tuft
Ceased for an instant its laborious hum,
And peered in petals of the purple flower
With busy pleasure. "There," said Montague,
"Yon little insect, wiser than mankind,

Might teach the world a lesson that it needs."
"What! in its ruthless murder of the drones,
And pampering of a fat luxurious queen?"
"Not so; but in its love of daily toil—
A toil unselfish. In the social hive
One labours for the whole community,
And the community for every one.
Toil is their joy: but intellectual man,
Not comprehending God's all-wise decree,
Passed, not in vengeance, but in love divine,
Deems toil a curse, and throws the burden off
Upon his weaker brother if he can.
Hence pride and pomp, and arrogance and sloth,
And myriad evils which the wise deplore.
Hence slavery and modern selfishness,
And over-reaching, grinding, cheating Trade,
And Mammon-worship in all odious forms—
The degradation of humanity.
'Each for himself—and the Great God for all,'
Exclaim the people. Is the doctrine wise?
Better, far better, if the world would say—
'Each man for all men—the great God for each.'
Oh! what a great and glorious thing is work,
Did man with wisdom look upon the world!
All Earth and Heaven—the teeming Universe
Exist by labour. The majestic sun
Revolves for ever, shedding life and joy

To all the minor orbs that round him burn;
For them he labours, and for them exists,
And they for him, in mutual harmony.
The firmaments and galaxies, thick strewn
O'er infinite space, obey the same behest.—
Labour for ever, is their law of life;
Their labour, happiness. From great to small,
From small to smallest things invisible,
The law of Labour rules the happy world.
But man, the misinterpreter of God,
Perverts this chiefest blessing to a curse,
And makes his brother labour overmuch,
That he may slumber and grow fat in sloth,
Misusing earth, his brother, and himself."

"Aye! it is sad," said Julian, "to reflect
That sixty centuries have failed to teach
The dignity, the beauty, and the joy,
The piety and usefulness of work!
'T is but excess of labour that is pain—
Just as excess of food, or wine, or rest—
Or any blessing that mankind abuse.
The many toil, till strength and spirit fail,
And the heart sickens; not that they may live,
But that a selfish and degenerate few
May fatten on the harvest of their bones.
How shall the many in their daily need
Their slavery to the physical wants of flesh,

Rise from the degradation of their lot?
It needs morality for men to know,
That, though they grovel, they might stand erect;
And that the slave might, if he would, be free.
It needs the intellect to point the way,
And lead the stumbling groper into light.
And how shall Earth's unhappy multitudes,
Savage or cultured, swarth or white of skin,
Slaves to a bodily toil that knows no end,
Balance the threefold nature of their life?
If every feeling, energy, and wish
Be centered in an agony for bread,
How shall the manners grow, the heart expand?
How shall the crawling intellect be taught
To soar with golden wings, and face the sun?
Oh! we have started badly in the race,
Turned God's primeval bounty to a wrong,
Lowered our dignity, despised our Earth,
Competed with our brother as a foe,
And, like to starving sailors on a raft,
Floating forlorn upon a stormy deep,
Have looked with hungry eyes of savage greed
On one another, saying in our hearts—
'What matters who may die, if I may live?'
Alas! alas! there is no remedy!"

"Believe it not! the old traditions fade,
And in the fulness of the appointed time,

Men shall awaken into purer life.
But let us onwards! Far above our heads
The mountain looms. We must forsake the rill,
So long the fair companion of our way,
And brace our strength to scale the granite peak,
That towers in naked majesty afar;
The clouds beneath it, the blue heavens above,
Looking o'er ocean, and the ambient land,—
Hill paramount, and watch-tower of the clime."

## CANTO V.—THE MOUNTAIN TOP.

A glorious vision burst upon their sight,
As on the topmost peak they took their stand,
To gaze from that clear centre on the world,
And measure with their proud delighted eyes
The vast circumference, whose radius stretched,
Seaward and landward, each for fifty miles.
Beneath their feet a burnished ocean lay,
Glittering in sunshine. Far adown, like snow,
Shook from the bosom of a wintry cloud,
And drifting on the wind in feathery flakes
The sea-gulls sailed betwixt the earth and sky,
Or, floating on the bosom of the deep,
Pursued the herring shoal with dexterous aim.
Far, far away on the horizon's edge,
The white sails of the homeward scudding ships
Gleamed like the lilies in a garden plot,
Or like the scattered shreds of fleecy cloud
Left by the Evening at the gate of Night,
To shimmer in the leaden-coloured sky,
And drink the splendour of the harvest moon,
Their glancing breasts reflected from afar
The noonday sunlight.—Landward when they looked,
The earth beneath them seemed as it had boiled,
And tossed, and heaved, in some great agony;

Till suddenly, at fiat of the Lord,
The foaming waves had hardened into hills,
And mountains, multitudinous and huge,
Of jagged outline, piled and overpiled,
One o'er the other. Calmly the grey heads
Of these earth-fathers pointed up to heaven;—
Titanic sentinels, who all the night
Look at their kindred sentinels, the stars,
To hear the march and tramp of distant worlds,
And measure by millenniums, not by years,
The awful growth and progress of the time!
Between the bases of the lesser hills,
Green valleys, musical with lowing kine,
And watered by the upland overflow,
Stretched in their beauty. In the hollows slept
Clear lakes, which from those azure heights appeared
Small as the basins where the Oreads
Might bathe, at morning-burst, their tender limbs.
Most beautiful the nearer landscape lay;
The distant panorama, more confused,
Melted away in purple haziness.
"I am so happy in such scenes as these,
And yet so sad, and so dissatisfied,"
Said Julian, gazing on the quiet sea,
"I feel one moment I could leap for joy,
And in the next, that I could lie me down
And weep that my enjoyment is so small,

And that such beauty and sublimity,
Such glory and such wonder, should not be
Part of myself for ever. Oh, thou Deep!
Rolling beneath me thine eternal waves,
I feel myself thine equal, as I stand
And look upon thee from a height like this,
With thronging thoughts no tongue may ever speak!
Thou blue sky! circling all in thine embrace;
Oh, how I envy the air-cleaving wings
Of Alpine eagles, and the liberty
Of motion, unrestrained by clogs of Earth!
Ye hills, I love ye! Oh, ye mountain tops!
Lifting serenely your transcendent brows
To catch the earliest glimpses of the dawn,
And hold the latest radiance of the West,
To gild you with its glory, while the world
Hastens to slumber in the glooms below;
It is a pain to know ye, and to feel,
That nothing can express the deep delight
With which your beauty and magnificence
Fill to o'erflowing the ecstatic mind.
Spirit of Nature! Nymph Egeria!
Here is thy home;—appear, and lend me words
To hymn my reverence and gratitude!
I feel thy presence in my brain and heart;
'T is with thine eyes I see; 't is with thine ears
I hear the murmurs of that mighty deep,

Where float the planets and the galaxies.
Oh, give me words; give me still keener sight,
And let me understand the hidden things,
The holy mysteries, thou must have heard
In thy communion with the Universe.
Spirit of Nature! Holiest!—I am thine!"
His rapture overcame him as he spoke;
And, on the mountain top, he fell supine,
In a half slumber, filled with blessedness.
'T was but few minutes.—Montague knelt down,
And gathered from a crevice of the rock
A little handful of the virgin snow,
That in the shadows of this lonely place
Had lain all Summer, sheltered from the heat.
With this he rubbed his forehead and his hands,
And called him by his name. The consciousness,
Entranced and wandering, but not destroyed,
Blazed o'er his spirit with a sudden flash.
"Didst thou not see her, Montague?" he said.
"I think, like Máhomet, I've been in Heaven,
Caught in a rapture to the firmament!
How long upon this awful mountain-top
Hast thou been with me?" "Not one little hour,"
His friend replied; "and, not ten minutes since,
Thou stood'st apostrophizing Earth and Heaven,
Maddened and reeling in an ecstacy."
"'T is strange, dear Montague?—yet must be so!

But in those minutes I have trod the floors
Of heavenly places; heard angelic things;
And, guided by Egeria, have seen
A vision of the world, that was, that is,
And shall be in the fulness of the time."
"Tell me the vision. I remember well,"
Said Montague, "when I was in my teens,
I rode a fiery charger to the chase,
And the beast stumbled, though I know not how,
And threw me to the ground. I felt no pain—
But in a quiet and delicious sleep
Lay with a bleeding forehead in the mire,
One minute only—or, it might be, less.
In that one minute I became a child,
And, going back a dozen years of time,
Wandered upon the margin of the sea,
And gathered shells and tangle on the beach;—
Culled garlands by the verdant meadow paths,
And plaited rushes for a rural crown
Begemmed with poppies and convolvulus.
I swam in rivers, proud of growing strength,
And moped in colleges my teens away.
And then I wandered in a moonlight night,
Breathing sweet folly to a willing maid,
And clasped her soft and unretiring hand,
With pleasure which no waking could afford,
Looking for answers in her eloquent eyes

To thoughts, unspoken still, but understood.
A groom, officious, roused me from my trance,
And raised me on the sward to bathe my brow.
It seemed an age since I had dropped asleep,
But there, beside me, stood the panting horse.
I vaulted on his back, unhurt—though bruised,
And since that day have clung to the belief
That time is but the creature of our thought,
And that the ages passed by Máhomet
Ere his descending pitcher reached the ground,
Were palpable realities to him,
And ran in actual cycles through his brain.
But I detain thee. Let me hear thy dream."

"Scarce had I called upon Egeria's name,
When to my sight upon this mountain top
In beauty and in glory she appeared.
I saw thee not. The crimson-coloured sun
Had sought his bright pavilion in the west,
And left the world in darkness. Earth and sea
Lay in the shadow of gloom, invisible.
I was alone with Nature and the stars,
Alone, alone, and humbled in the sight
Of worlds, and galaxies, and firmaments,
And nebulæ upon the verge of space,
Whose light, far reaching to our little globe,
Struck on mine eyes, not as it shines to-day,
But as it shone when those swift travelling beams

Seventy millenniums down the abyss of Time
Sped to this juvenile and petty orb.
Egeria's face was radiant as she turned
Her eyes upon me in that lonely place.
Her right hand pointed to the sparkling sky,
As on the crag she stood, white-robed and pure,
And clear defined against the dark-blue heaven.
The northern streamers, t'wards the polar star,
Shot their electric threads of throbbing light,—
The banners of Eternity, that wave
Over the worlds and systems in their march
Accordant with the music of the spheres.
Egeria spake not; and my lips refused
To utter all the wild and billowy thoughts
That overpowered their faculty of speech,
And made them dumb—but I observed with awe,
And listened with intensity, to catch
The lightest whispers of her heavenly tongue.
Upon a sudden all the mountain-slope
Grew luminous, and I could hear the sound
Of sweet sad voices singing mournful songs.
'Thou calledst—I have come:' Egeria said.
'List what my sister spirits ever sing
To those who have the privilege to hear;—
A privilege for ever earned in pain,
And purchased by affliction, and deep thought.
By doubts, and fears, and silent agonies."

"I listened as she bade, and soft and clear,
I heard the angelic voices, whisper words
Of mild expostulation with my soul.
These were their accents, if my sense can frame,
In human speech, such high and holy song :—

Why this longing, clay-clad spirit?
Why this fluttering of thy wings?
Why this striving to discover
Hidden and transcendant things?
Be contented in thy prison,
Thy captivity shall cease—
Taste the good that smiles before thee;—
Restless spirit, be at peace!

With the roar of wintry forests,
With the thunder's crash and roll,
With the rush of stormy waters,
Thou wouldst sympathize, O soul!
Thou wouldst ask them mighty questions
In a language of their own,
Untranslateable to mortals,
Yet not utterly unknown.

Thou wouldst fathom Life and Being,
Thou wouldst see through Birth and Death,
Thou wouldst solve the eternal riddle—
Thou, a speck, a ray, a breath!

Thou wouldst look at stars and systems,
As if *thou* couldst understand
All the harmonies of Nature,
Struck by an Almighty hand.

With thy feeble logic, tracing
Upwards from effect to cause,
Thou art foiled by Nature's barriers,
And the limits of her laws.
Be at peace, thou struggling spirit!
Great Eternity denies
The unfolding of its secrets
In the circle of thine eyes.

Be contented with thy freedom—
Dawning is not perfect day;
There are truths thou canst not fathom,
Swaddled in thy robes of clay.
Rest in hope that if thy circle
Grow not wider here in Time,
God's Eternity shall give thee
Power of vision more sublime.

Clogg'd and bedded in the darkness,
Little germ, abide thine hour,
Thou 'lt expand, in proper season,
Into blossom, into flower.

Humble faith alone becomes thee
In the glooms where thou art lain:
Bright is the appointed future;
Wait;—thou shalt not wait in vain.

Cease thy struggling, feeble spirit!
Fret not at thy prison bars;
Never shall thy mortal pinions
Make the circuit of the stars.
Here on Earth are duties for thee
Suited to thine earthly scope;
Seek them, thou Immortal Spirit—
God is with thee, work in Hope.

"The voices ceased. Egeria laid her hand
Upon my forehead, and the fruitful world
Once more beneath me lay in golden light,
And I beheld a vision of the Past.
'T was sad to look upon. The Earth was filled
With hate and murder, cruelty and wrong;
Dense Ignorance pervaded all the lands.
The strong were tyrants, and the weak were slaves.
Foul Superstition stupified the mind;
The sanguinary priests of odious gods
Ruled men by terror; human sacrifice
Polluted with its smoke the sickened air,
And constant war strewed earth with bones and blood.

"It vanished—and I saw the actual world
Spreading beneath me all its climes and lands.
'T was robed in purer splendour. Time had wrought
Beneficent changes in the hearts of men;
But a great problem which the ages past
Had never posed, was clamorous to be solved;—
How mighty populations were to live
In narrow area, by the ancient rule
Of competition—each man against each?
And whether union, often tried by men
For purpose of destruction, war, and wrong,
Might not, if tried for purposes of peace,
Construction, industry, and mutual aid,
Lead the sad nations of a world effete
From darkness into light—from sea to land?—
The mighty truths were gushing into flower,
Old evils lived, but deadly war had sprung
Betwixt the embattled hosts of Right and Wrong,
And Victory was sitting in the clouds,
Uncertain of the issue. When this passed,
A brighter vision broke upon my soul—
The promised reign of righteousness had come—
The lion and the lamb lay down in peace,
The nations turned their swords to pruning-hooks
And studied war no more. The Law of Love
Made other law a useless formula.
Labour was pleasure, Duty was delight,

God was sole king, and every human heart
Gave Him allegiance. I beheld no more.
And, turning to Egeria, kissed the hem
Of her white garments. 'Mortal man,' she said,
'Too long bewildered in the mazes dim
Of false philosophies,—thy path grows clear!
Descend again into the world of life
And take new guidance. Let philosophy
Attune as erst thy solitary hours
To harmonies, unheard by worldly ears;
But let true Piety thy guardian be,
The guide and the companion of thy days.
'O Piety! O heavenly Piety!
She is not rigid as fanatics deem,
But warm as Love, and beautiful as Hope.
'Prop of the weak, the crown of humbleness,
The clue of doubt, the eyesight of the blind,
The heavenly robe and garniture of clay!
'He that is crowned with that supernal crown,
Is lord and sovereign of himself and Fate,
And angels are his friends and ministers.
'Clad in that raiment, ever white and pure,
The wayside mire is harmless to defile,
And rudest storms sweep impotently by.
'The pilgrim wandering amid crags and pits,
Supported by that staff shall never fall:—
He smiles at peril and defies the storm.

'Shown by that clue, the doubtful path is clear,
The intricate snares and mazes of the world
Are all unlabyrinthed and bright as day.
'Sweet Piety! divinest Piety!
She has a soul capacious as the spheres,
A heart as large as all humanity.
'Who to his dwelling takes that visitant,
Has a perpetual solace in all pain,
A friend and comforter in every grief.
'The noblest domes, the haughtiest palaces,
That know not her, have ever open gates
Where Misery may enter at her will.
'But from the threshold of the poorest hut,
Where she sits smiling, Sorrow passes by,
And owns the spell that robs her of her sting.'
"Once more upon me, with benignant smile,
Egeria looked, and might have spoken more,
But that thy hand aroused me from the trance
Of heavenly ecstacy in which I lay.
"Let us descend the rugged mountain side;
To-morrow I shall mingle with the world,
And do my part as shall become a man.
With thy fair sister for my wife and friend,
I will indulge no more in dreams like these,
Nor feed my spirit on the airy food
Of speculation. Welcome, busy Earth!
I 'll plough thee! till thee! from thy bosom draw

Wealth for the needy, raiment for the bare;
And for the widow and the fatherless,
The sustenance and blessing that they crave!
Welcome to bodily and mental toil!
Welcome to duty! welcome to my kind!
The world is mine to hold and to enjoy—
I'll live to Nature, and confide in Heaven."

# ANGEL VISITS.

I.

" Thou 'rt old, grandfather, old and blind,
But ever cheerful, good and kind.
I love, when early Summer blooms,
And meads are lavish of perfumes,
To see thee in thy garden chair,
With silvery locks and forehead bare,
And face upturned, as thou hadst striven
To look through darkness into Heaven.

II.

" And oft when o'er the frozen wold
The wintry tempests whistle cold,
When strolling gusts, in sport or ire,
Howl down our chimney at the fire;
When crickets chirrup on the hearth,
As if they shared the children's mirth,
My last day's lesson I repeat,
Or read my Bible at thy feet.

III.

" But now the Summer days have come,
With song of birds and insect-hum ;
The earth is bright with flowers and leaves ;
The swallows dart from cottage eaves ;
The shadows through the foliage fall,
Like net-work, on the garden wall ;
And ship-like clouds go sailing by,
In the calm ocean of the sky.

IV.

" Around our porch the tendrils twine,
And bind-weeds clasp the eglantine.
The summer day is fair and mild,
Come, lean upon thy little child,
And let me guide thee to thy seat;—
I'll do my knitting at thy feet,
And, should the time be dull or long,
I'll read, or sing my last new song.

V.

" But far more happy I should be,
To sit, and hear, and learn from thee.
Oft when thou 'rt musing all alone,
No eye upon thee but mine own,
I hear half-spoken words that seem
Replies to questions in a dream,
And watch, observant, from my place,
The placid rapture on thy face.

VI.

"And it would please me wouldst thou tell
Thine own, thy little Rosabel,
What thoughts, amid thy sight's eclipse,
Can bring the smiles upon thy lips.
Old age, I 've heard, is full of care,
But thou art happy, thine is fair;
So fair—and yet it cannot be—
I think that Angels visit thee."

VII.

"Dear Rosabel, 't is even so!
There are more Angels than we know.
Lend me thy hand, my seat prepare,
Let me inhale the morning air,
Receive the sunlight on my cheek,
And feel thy presence as I speak,
And I will tell of Angels three,
Who daily come and visit me.

VIII.

"Though I am frail, and old, and blind,
God sends his sunshine to my mind.
'T was He bestowed the visual ray,
'T was He who took the gift away;
But when His chastening hand withdrew
Earth's outward forms from sensuous view,
He opened to my mental sight
The inner spirit infinite.

IX.

" And self-communion, calm and long—
Deep musings upon right and wrong,
And conflicts with the pride and sin,
That ever surged and swoll within,
Cleared from my soul some mists obscure,
And filled it with revealings pure;
I knew myself, and, humbled low,
Drew comfort in my deepest woe.

X.

" I see no more the fields and bowers,
Nor endless beauty of the flowers;
I see no more the rivers run,
Nor hill-tops gilded by the sun;
I see no more Creation's grace;
I see no more thy gentle face;
And all the glory of the skies
Is hidden from my withered eyes.

XI.

" But when I hear the wild wind call
To forest boughs that answer all—
The sedges rustling in the lake—
The black-bird singing in the brake—
The far off murmurs of the shore—
Deep-throated ocean's moan and roar;—
Remembrance wakens in my mind,
And paints the pictures of the blind.

ay :

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ngel is my guest.

XII.

" 'Tis then an Angel, one of three,
Descends to bear me company.
Sweet are the accents of his tongue,
He keeps my heart for ever young;
In his companionship I stray,
Back to my childhood's early day,
And live again a wondering boy,
Heir of a world of life and joy.

XIII.

" With him I hold communion fit,
His voice makes music where I sit.
I listen, and before me pass
World-shadows in a mystic glass;
The torrent falls, the landscape spreads,
The steadfast forests nod their heads,
And the eternal oceans roll,
In the clear mirror of my soul.

XIV.

" Whene'er the early cuckoo's voice
Bids me and all the meads rejoice;
Whene'er I find a new delight,
In opening day, or closing night;
Whene'er I sit in sun or shade,
And bless the world and Him who made,
And feel the joys I cannot see,
I know this Angel visits me.

XV.

" And evermore, when he departs,
Another cheers my heart of hearts,
With soft blue eyes—two azure spheres,
Bright with the luxury of tears.
Sweet is the song of early birds,
Yet sweeter far are human words—
This Angel loves them, so do I;
He links me to Humanity.

XVI.

" Whene'er thy father, pleased with home,
Has smiles for all who go or come;
Whene'er, his daily labour done,
He breathes his evening orison;
Whene'er thy mother, good and mild,
Sings lullaby to soothe her child;
I feel a sympathy sincere,
And know this Angel hovers near.

XVII.

" Whene'er I hear the children play
With many a chant and roundelay;
Whene'er the trample of their feet
Makes music round my lonely seat;
Whene'er I hear thee sing thy song,
In happy innocence of wrong,
And love all children, thee, the best;
I know that Angel is my guest.

XVIII.

" Whene'er I hear of generous thought,
Of noble deeds by manhood wrought,
Of patience, long and sorely tried,
Walking with virtue side by side,
Of love supreme amid distress,
Of courage great in gentleness,
And feel the tears suffuse mine eyes,
I share angelic sympathies.

XIX.

" Whene'er I hear of sin and guilt,
Of human blood in warfare spilt,
Of wrong and suffering unrelieved,
Of tender innocence aggrieved,
Of harsh oppression, hate, and scorn,
Yet feel not utterly forlorn,
But hopeful of a time to be,
I'm sure that Angel visits me.

XX.

" And Rosabel, dear Rosabel,
Another Angel, mark me well,
Sits at my side by night and day,
And teaches me to hope and pray;
He bids all doubt and sorrow cease,
He fills my soul with heavenly peace,
And sings me the eternal hymn
Of the adoring seraphim.

XXI.

"And oft, when sleep forsakes mine eyes,
He lifts a veil of mysteries,
And shows me, strong in humble faith,
Life-shadows, and the things of death;
He takes the terror from the tomb,
And strews rich germs of heavenly bloom,
Upon the dark sepulchral clod,
That Angel is the love of God.

XXII.

"O Angel! heavenly Angel mine!
His words are harmonies divine;
In his companionship serene,
All earthly joys are poor and mean:—
The world hath come, the world must go—
The immortal longings throb and glow—
I feel no more the primal curse,
I clasp the boundless universe.

XXIII.

"And yet I doubt, O daughter dear,
If all these Angels hover here—
So similar is each to each,
So like in feature, form, and speech,
So linked in one celestial plan
Are love of Nature, God, and Man,
I cannot think that they are three;—
'T is but *one* Angel visits me."

# JUBAL AND HIS CHILDREN.

"Jubal was the father of all such as handle the harp and organ."—
GENESIS, iv., 21.

I.

"Father," said Jubal's eldest son,
"The skies were robed in gloom;
Cloud struck on cloud, and long and loud
I heard the tempests boom;
Like chariots rattling through the stars,
I heard their axles roll;
Heaven's pavement flashed; the thunders crashed—
'T was music to my soul."

II.

"Father," said Jubal's second son,
"I walked beside the sea;
With mighty roar against the shore
The waves were dashing free;
The waves and winds, together loosed,
Went mad, beyond controul;
With joy, yet fear, I leap'd to hear—
'Twas music to my soul."

III.

" Father," said Jubal's younger son,
" I roam'd the forest through;
The northern blast, careering past,
With fitful anger blew;
The oak trees bowed their lofty heads,
While from their branches stole
An awful rhyme, a song sublime—
'T was music to my soul."

IV.

" Father," said Jubal's youngest son,
" Beside the rock's grey wall,
I climbed alone the mossy stone,
To hear the torrent fall;
Ever it chants a solemn hymn,
The waters rush and roll,
They leap and play, in foam and spray—
'T is music to my soul."

V.

" Father," his eldest daughter said,
" The stream runs freely by;
The violets blink upon its brink,
Its breast reflects the sky;
It sings all day a cheerful song
Beneath the grassy knoll;
Its pebbles chafe—its ripples laugh—
'T is music to my soul."

VI.

"Father," his second daughter said,
"I heard the sky-lark sing
Up in the air, a jewel fair,
On forehead of the spring;
I know not what the song might be,
It seemed like rapture whole;
A melody—a mystery—
'T was music to my soul."

VII.

"Father," his youngest daughter said,
"I listened, and I heard,
At midnight deep, when half asleep,
The whisper of a word.
It was my mother at my bed,
One hasty kiss she stole,
On lips and cheek—I could not speak,
'T was music to my soul."

VIII.

And Jubal, to his children's voice,
No word in answer made;
But still he wrought, as if in thought
His questioning fingers strayed.
At length his eyes, with keen delight,
Shot rays like burning coal;
"Oh, children mine! a power divine,
Is bursting on my soul!"

IX.

He sought the wild wood solitude,
And supplicated heaven;
The floods of music o'er him rushed—
The needful strength was given:
And first, to please his daughters mild,
The gentle harp he strung,
Then for his sons built organ pipes,
And struck till echo rung.

X.

"Joy! children, joy!" he shouted forth,
"Be all your anthems poured!
The organ swell shall ever tell
The glory of the Lord.
But when you sing of earth and men,
Of human loves and fears,
Your harps shall sound in softer strains,
Harmonious with the spheres."

## YOUTH AND SORROW.

I.

"GET thee back, Sorrow, get thee back!
My brow is smooth, mine eyes are bright,
My limbs are full of health and strength,
My cheeks are fresh, my heart is light.

So, get thee back! oh, get thee back!
Consort with age, but not with me;
Why shouldst thou follow on my track?
I am too young to live with thee."

II.

" O foolish Youth, to scorn thy friend!
To harm thee wherefore should I seek?
I would not dim thy sparkling eyes,
Nor blight the roses on thy cheek.
I would but teach thee to be true;
And should I press thee overmuch,
Ever the flowers that I bedew,
Yield sweetest fragrance to the touch."

III.

" Get thee back, Sorrow, get thee back!
I like thee not, thy looks are chill.
The sunshine lies upon my heart,
Thou showest me the shadow still.
So, get thee back! oh, get thee back!
Nor make me prematurely grey;
Why shouldst thou follow on my track?
Let me be happy while I may."

IV.

" Good friend, thou needest sage advice;
I 'll keep thy heart from growing proud,
I 'll fill thy mind with kindly thoughts,
And link thy pity to the crowd.

Wouldst have a heart of pulseless stone?
Wouldst be too happy to be good?
Nor make a human woe thine own,
For sake of human brotherhood?"

V.

"Get thee back, Sorrow, get thee back!
Why should I weep while I am young?
I have not piped—I have not danced—
My morning songs I have not sung.
The world is beautiful to me,
Why tarnish it to soul and sense?
Prithee begone! I'll think of thee
Some half a hundred winters hence."

VI.

"O, foolish Youth, thou know'st me not;
I am the mistress of the earth—
'T is *I* give tenderness to love;
Enhance the privilege of mirth;
Refine the human gold from dross;
And teach thee, wormling of the sod,
To look beyond thy present loss
To thy eternal gain with God."

VII.

"Get thee back, Sorrow, get thee back!
I'll learn thy lessons soon enough;
If virtuous pleasure smoothe my way,
Why shouldst thou seek to make it rough?

No fruit can ripen in the dark,
No bud can bloom in constant cold—
So, prithee, Sorrow, miss thy mark,
Or strike me not till I am old."

VIII.

" I am thy friend, thy best of friends;
No bud in constant heats can blow—
The green fruit withers in the drought,
But ripens where the waters flow.
The sorrows of thy youthful day
Shall make thee wise in coming years;
The brightest rainbows ever play
Above the fountains of our tears."

IX.

Youth frowned, but Sorrow gently smiled;
Upon his heart her hand she laid,
And all its latent sympathies
Throbbed to the fingers of the maid.
And when his head grew grey with Time,
He owned that Sorrow spoke the truth,
And that the harvest of his prime
Was ripened by the rains of Youth.

# THE PHILOSOPHY OF ENDURANCE.

I.

WERE the lonely acorn never bound
In the rude cold grasp of the rotting ground;
Did the rigid frost never harden up
The mould above its bursting cup;
Were it never soak'd in the rain and hail,
Or chill'd by the breath of the wintry gale,
It would not sprout in the sunshine free,
Or give the promise of a tree;
It would not spread to the summer air
Its lengthening boughs and branches fair,
To build a bower where, in starry nights,
Young Love might dream unknown delights;
Or stand in the woods among its peers,
Fed by the dews of a thousand years.

II.

Were never the dull, unseemly ore
Dragg'd from the depths where it slept of yore;
Were it never cast into searching flame,
To be purged of impurity and shame;
Were it never molten 'mid burning brands,
Or bruis'd and beaten by stalwart hands,
It would never be known as a thing of worth;
It would never emerge to a nobler birth;
It would never be form'd into mystic rings,
To fetter Love's erratic wings;

It would never shine amid priceless gems,
On the girth of imperial diadems;
Nor become to the world a power and a pride,
Cherished, adored, and deified.

III.

So, thou, O man of a noble soul,
Starting in view of a glorious goal,
Wert thou never exposed to the blasts, forlorn—
The storms of sorrow—the sleets of scorn;
Wert thou never refined in pitiless fire,
From the dross of thy sloth and mean desire;
Wert thou never taught to feel and know
That the truest love has its roots in woe,
Thou wouldst never unriddle the complex plan,
Or reach half way to the perfect man;
Thou wouldst never attain the tranquil height
Where wisdom purifies the sight,
And God unfolds to the humblest gaze
The bliss and beauty of His ways.

## PROCRASTINATIONS.

I.

If Fortune with a smiling face
Strew roses on our way,
When shall we stoop to pick them up?
*To-day, my love, to-day.*

But should she frown with face of care,
And talk of coming sorrow,
When shall we grieve, if grieve we must?
*To-morrow, love, to-morrow.*

II.

If those who 've wrong'd us own their faults,
And kindly pity pray,
When shall we listen and forgive?
*To-day, my love, to-day.*
But, if stern Justice urge rebuke,
And warmth from Memory borrow,
When shall we chide—if chide we dare?
*To-morrow, love, to-morrow.*

III.

If those to whom we owe a debt
Are harmed unless we pay,
When shall we struggle to be just?
*To-day, my love, to-day.*
But if our debtor fail our hope
And plead his ruin thorough,
When shall we weigh his breach of faith?
*To-morrow, love, to morrow.*

IV.

If Love, estranged, should once again
Her genial smile display,
When shall we kiss her proffered lips?
*To-day, my love, to-day.*

But, if she would indulge regret,
Or dwell with bygone sorrow,
When shall we weep—if weep we must?
*To-morrow, love, to-morrow.*

V.

For virtuous acts and harmless joys
The minutes will not stay;
We've always time to welcome them,
*To-day, my love, to-day.*
But care, resentment, angry words,
And unavailing sorrow,
Come far too soon, if they appear
*To-morrow, love, to-morrow.*

## MY GARDEN GATE.

I.

STAND back, bewildering politics!
I've placed my fences round;
Pass on, with all your party tricks,
Nor tread my holy ground.
Stand back—I 'm weary of your talk,
Your squabbles, and your hate:
You cannot enter in this walk—
I've closed my garden gate.

II.

Stand back, ye thoughts of trade and pelf!
I have a refuge here;
I wish to commune with myself—
My mind is out of gear.
These bowers are sacred to the page
Of philosophic lore;
Within these bounds no envies rage—
I've shut my garden door.

III.

Stand back, Frivolity and Show,
It is a day of spring;
I want to see my roses blow,
And hear the blackbird sing.
I wish to prune my apple-trees,
And nail my peaches straight;
Keep to the causeway, if you please—
I've shut my garden gate.

IV.

I have no room for such as you,
My house is somewhat small:
Let Love come here, and Friendships true—
I'll give them welcome all;
They will not scorn my household stuff,
Or criticise my store.
Pass on—the world is wide enough—
I've shut my garden door.

V.

Stand back, ye Pomps! and let me wear
The liberty I feel.
I have a coat at elbows bare—
I love its *deshabille.*
Within these precincts let me rove,
With Nature, free from state;
There is no tinsel in the grove—
I've shut my garden gate.

VI.

What boots continual glare and strife?
I cannot always climb;
I would not struggle all my life—
I need a breathing time.
Pass on—I've sanctified these grounds
To friendship, love, and lore:
Ye cannot come within the bounds—
I've shut the garden door.

## THE MAYING.

### AN INVITATION.

I.

Fair May unveils her ruddy cheek,
And decks her brow with daisies,
And scatters blossoms as she goes
Through fields and forest mazes.

The fragrant hawthorn, white with bloom,
Fills all the uplands airy:
The grass is dry, the sky is clear—
Let's go a-Maying, Mary!

II.

I dearly love, in days like this,
When birds make music o'er us,
To roam with thee through wildwood paths,
And listen to their chorus;
To help thee over crags and stiles,
And take thy hand in leaping,
And out and in to see thy face
Through leaves and branches peeping.

III.

Ten years have pass'd since first I saw
Thy fresh and budding beauty;
And love has ripen'd with the years,
And link'd itself with duty.
In life's young spring I swore to thee
A truth that should not vary;
And now, in summer of my days,
I love thee better, Mary!

IV.

Time lays his finger light on thee;
Thy cheeks are red as peaches;
Thine eyes are bright as first they glowed
To hear my youthful speeches.

Thine eldest boy is nine years old,
Thy youngest babe two summers;
And thou art blooming like a girl,
'Mid all the little comers.

V.

Bring all the four into the woods—
We 'll set them gathering posies
Of harebells blue and pimpernels,
Instead of garden roses.
Beneath the trees we 'll have one day
Of frolicsome employment;
And birds shall sing and winds shall blow,
To help us to enjoyment.

VI.

Leave house affairs to shift awhile—
Leave work, and care, and sorrow;
We'll be the merrier to-day,
And happier to-morrow.
I would not greatly care for life,
If fate and toil contrary
Could not afford me, now and then,
A holiday for Mary.

VII.

And Fate *is* kind to those who strive
To make existence pleasant,
With harmless joys and simple tastes,
And kindness ever present.

We'll not complain; so come away,
And when we want a treasure,
We'll use these May-day memories
To buy forgotten pleasure.

## THE MAN AND THE ATOM.

"Small atom, unconsidered,
Unfelt, and scarcely seen!
Thou hast no worth
Upon the earth;—
So infinitely mean.

"Useless thou art, O atom!
And absolute in might,
If I decree
Thou shalt not be,
I can destroy thee quite."

"Ah, no; thy hand is powerless!
I hold a life too high,
A strength innate,
As old as fate,—
I change, but cannot die.

"Destruction cannot touch me;
The hand alone which wrought
My shape and thine,—
A hand divine,
Can hurl me into nought.

"Thou mayst on waters cast me,
Or loose me to the wind,
Or burn in fire,
At thy desire,
So that thou canst not find;

"But I shall hold existence
To Earth's remotest time,
And fill in space
My destined place,
Though humble, yet sublime.

"Vain man! ere yet thy father
Drew nurture from the breast;
Ere yet the field,
Thy grandsires tilled,
By human foot was pressed;

"Ere yet the mighty empire,
Of which thou'rt citizen,
Was slowly wrought,
By strength of Thought,
To be a hive of men;

"Ere yet the savage wandered
Where now thy cities stand;
Ere foxes prowled,
Or wild wolves howled,
In forests of thy land;

"Ere yet the deeds of heroes
By Homer's tongue was told;
Ere Troy was built,
Or blood was spilt,
By mythic men of old;

"Ere yet the ancient peoples,
Whose very names have died,
Built towns on rocks,
Or fed their flocks
Upon Euphrates' side;

"Ere yet great Nimrod hunted
In insolence of power,
Or raised in vain,
On Babel's plain,
His Heaven-defying tower;

"Ere yet the Ark was floated,
Or Heaven-born giants trod,
With mortal maids,
Through greenwood shades,
To dare the wrath of God;

"Ere yet offending Adam
Fell from his pure estate;
Or tended flowers,
In Eden's bowers,
With Eve, his happy mate;

"*I*, even *I* existed;
And played my proper part
In God's great plan;—
Oh, little man,
Reflect on what thou art!

"Couldst thou destroy my being,
Thy hand might reach the spheres,
And bid the sun
No longer run
His course among his peers.

"Be humble, brother atom;
Whate'er thy mortal growth,
Or mine may be,
Humility
Alone becomes us both."

## REMEMBRANCES OF NATURE.

I REMEMBER the time, thou roaring sea,
When thy voice was the voice of Infinity—
A joy, and a dread, and a mystery.

I remember the time, ye young May flowers,
When your odours and hues in the fields and bowers
Fell on my soul, as on grass the showers.

I remember the time, thou blustering wind,
When thy voice in the woods, to my youthful mind,
Seem'd the sigh of the Earth for human kind.

I remember the time, ye suns and stars,
When ye raised my soul from its mortal bars,
And bore it through heav'n on your golden cars.

And has it then vanished, that happy time?
Are the winds, and the seas, and the stars sublime,
Deaf to thy soul in its manly prime?

Ah, no! ah, no! amid sorrow and pain,
When the world and its facts oppress my brain,
In the world of spirit I rove—I reign.

I feel a deep and a pure delight
In the luxuries of sound and sight—
In the opening day, in the closing night.

The voices of youth go with me still,
Through the field and the wood, o'er the plain and the hill—
In the roar of the sea, in the laugh of the rill.

Every flower is a lover of mine,
Every star is a friend divine:
For me they blossom, for me they shine.

To give me joy, the oceans roll,
They breathe their secrets to my soul:
With me they sing, with me condole.

Man cannot harm me if he would;
I have such friends for my every mood,
In the overflowing solitude.

Fate cannot touch me: nothing can stir
To put disunion or hate of her
'Twixt Nature and her worshipper.

Sing to me, flowers; preach to me, skies;
Ye landscapes, glitter in mine eyes;
Whisper, ye deeps, your mysteries.

Sigh to me, winds; ye forests, nod;
Speak to me ever, thou flowery sod:
Ye are mine—all mine—in the peace of God.

## A DEFIANCE.

Thou shalt not rob me, thievish Time,
Of all my blessings, all my joy;
I have some jewels in my heart,
Which thou art powerless to destroy.

Thou mayst denude mine arm of strength,
And leave my temples seamed and bare;
Deprive mine eyes of passion's light,
And scatter silver o'er my hair;

But never, while a book remains,
And breathes a woman or a child,
Shalt thou deprive me, whilst I live,
Of feelings fresh and undefiled.

No, never while the Earth is fair,
And reason keeps its dial bright,
Whate'er thy robberies, O Time,
Shall I be bankrupt of delight.

Whate'er thy victories on my frame;
Thou canst not cheat me of this truth—
That though the limbs may faint and fail,
The spirit can renew its youth.

So, thievish Time, I fear thee not;—
Thou'rt powerless on this heart of mine.
My precious jewels are my own,
'T is but the settings that are thine.

# ALTERNATION.

## ADVICE TO A HARD STUDENT.

I.

DAY follows Night; the spring-time buds
Are born of winter snow,
And for the sake of summer leaves
The March Nor'-easters blow.
December weaves the robe of May,
And June's young blossoms drop,
That Amalthea's horn may gleam
With ripeness to the top.

II.

Did Night for ever show her stars,
Or Noonday ever shine;
Were orchards in perpetual fruit,
What loss were thine and mine?
All blessings, beauties, and delights
From Alternation rise;
And constant Nature lives in change
Beneficently wise.

III.

Then vary thy incessant task,
Nor plod each weary day,
As if thy life were thing of earth—
A servant to its clay.

Alternate with thine honest work
Some contemplations high:
Though toil be just, though gold be good,
Look upward to the sky.

IV.

Take pleasure for thy limbs at morn;
At noontide wield the pen;
Converse to-night with moon and stars;
To-morrow talk with men.
Cull garlands in the fields and bowers,
Or toy with running brooks;
Then rifle in thy chamber lone
The honey of thy books.

V.

If in the wrestlings of the mind
A gladiator strong,
Give scope and freedom to thy thought,—
But strive not over-long.
Climb to the mountain-top serene,
And let life's surges beat,
With all their whirl of striving men,
Far, far beneath thy feet.

VI.

But stay not ever on the height,
'Mid intellectual snow;
Come down betimes to tread the grass,
And roam where waters flow;

Come down betimes to rub thy hands
At the domestic hearth;
Come down to share the warmth of love,
And join the children's mirth.

VII.

If thou wouldst read in Wisdom's book,
Do justice to thy mind,
Nor fix thy gaze upon the sun,
For fear of growing blind.
Though Wisdom haunt the solitude,
Green wood, or moorland brown,
Yet there is Wisdom wise as she
In highways of the town.

VIII.

Let love of books, and love of fields,
And love of men combine
To feed in turns thy mental life,
And fan its flame divine;
Let outer frame, and inner soul,
Maintain a balance true,
Till every string on Being's lyre
Give forth its music due.

IX.

Keep time with Nature; sow or reap
Obedient to her call;
Nor for one season's flower or fruit
Renounce the wealth of all.

Wise Alternation rules the world,
As *now* succeeds to *then:*
So shall thy life adjust its powers,
And thou be man of men.

## THE SPIRIT OF THE BLUE-BELL.

(SUGGESTED BY THE BEAUTIFUL BASSO-RELIEVO BY R. WESTMACOTT, A.R.A.

I.

WHEN youthful June strews earth with flowers,
And birds make musical the bowers;
When sound with sight appears to vie,
Which best shall charm us, earth or sky—
I love, sweet blossom of the wild,
Young summer's azure-vested child,
To see thee hang thy tender bells
In meadow slopes or forest dells.

II.

'Mid feathery fern or spear-like grass,
Thou noddest to me as I pass;
And, memory's playmate as thou art,
Awakenest fancies of the heart,
Entwined with rural life and joy,
That please the man and charmed the boy;
And send me back, through clouds of years,
To childhood's blushes, smiles, and tears.

III.

I tread the forest solitude,
Thou modest sapphire of the wood,—
And Solitude, no longer lone,
Is filled with visions all thine own:
With thoughts and dreams, each linked with thee
By some soft spell of memory,
Sweet to recall, and dear to hold—
My recollection's minted gold.

IV.

I live my early life anew;
I tread, well pleased, the morning dew;
With childish voice I trill my rhyme,—
With tiny feet the stiles I climb,—
With little eyes that never tire,
I watch, examine, and admire;
And gather garlands as I run,
Or sit and weave them in the sun.

V.

Anon by running brooks I lie,
To watch the white clouds sailing by;
Or, dazzled by the noontide beam,
I cast thy blossoms in the stream,
With curious gaze resolved to note
Their small mischances as they float—
Deciding, with a judgment proud,
Which sails the faster, flower or cloud.

VI.

And other visions come at call—
The lover's walk at evening's fall;
The posy culled with pleasing care,
To grace a bosom fond and fair;
The seat beneath the apple-tree,
Or mid high clover on the lea;
All the bright foolishness of youth,
When earth was heaven and man was truth.

VII.

These are thy gifts and liberal dower,
Gem of the wilds, ethereal flower;
I would not lose my love of thee,
For all the pomps of luxury;
Nor of thy sisters of the woods,
Companions of my varying moods;
All sweetly garrulous as thou,
Of past delights made present now.

VIII.

Yet, mighty Art, to Nature true,
Can clothe thy form with beauty new.
Lo! by the artist's powerful spells,
Amid thy leaves a spirit dwells—
A spirit with a gentle face,
Imbued with melancholy grace,
And downcast eyes that seem to say,
"I love—I meditate—I pray."

IX.

Triumphant Art! the spirit fair
Was no creation—she was *there:*
Thou didst but see with keener eye,
What blind materialists deny.
A living spirit breathes in all,
To teach, enrapture, and enthral;
Each tree that waves, each flower that springs,
Speaks high and spiritual things.

X.

And once by chisel, brush, or pen,
Evoked before the eyes of men,
No future spell can disenchant,
The floweret or its habitant:
The beauteous visions breathe and move,
Like creatures of our daily love;
And, linked with sympathies refined,
Become immortal as the mind.

## THE NAMELESS MOUNTAIN STREAM.

I

Up from the shore of the placid lake
Wherein thou tumblest, murmuring low,
Over the meadow, and through the brake,
And over the moor where the rushes grow,

I 've traced thy course, thou gentle brook :—
I 've seen thy life in all thy moods;
I 've seen thee lingering in the nook
Of the shady, fragrant, pine-tree woods;
I 've seen thee starting and leaping down
The smooth high rocks and boulders brown;
I 've tracked thee upwards, upwards still,
From the spot where the lonely birch-tree stands,
Low adown amid shingle and sands,
Over the brow of the ferny hill,
Over the moorland, purple dyed,
Over the rifts of granite grey,
Up to thy source on the mountain side,
Far away—oh, far away.

II.

Beautiful stream! By rock and dell,
There 's not an inch in all thy course
I have not tracked. I know thee well;
I know where blossoms the yellow gorse,
I know where waves the pale blue-bell,
And where the hidden violets dwell.
I know where the foxglove rears its head,
And where the heather tufts are spread;
I know where the meadow-sweets exhale,
And the white valerians load the gale.
I know the spot the bees love best,
And where the linnet has built her nest.

VI.

Like thee, fair streamlet, undefiled,
Many a human virtue dwells,
Unknown of men, in the distant dells,
Or hides in the coverts of the wild.
Many a mind of richest worth,
Whether of high or of low estate,
Illumes the by-ways of the earth,
Unseen, but good; unknown, but great.
Many a happy and lovely soul
Lives beauty in the fields afar,
Or, 'mid the city's human shoal,
Shines like a solitary star.

## A FANCY UNDER THE TREES.

I.

Ye happy, happy trees,
That in perpetual ease
Stand on the soil where ye as saplings grew;
That lift your branches fair
To the embracing air,
And feed on sunshine, rain, and morning dew:
I would that I could lead,
In all my thought and deed,
A life, ye happy trees, as beautiful as you.

II.

To build your fabric high
No breathing creatures die:
Your bursting buds that open to the spring
Require no food from death;
Your leaves that woo the breath
Of the sweet summer, and your boughs that swing
To breezes over head,
Demand no life-blood shed,
Or tribute of a pain from meanest living thing.

III.

In cloud-caressing length,
In beauty and in strength,
Ye live and grow, ye people of the woods.
Not idly do we deem,
In waking fancy's dream,
That in your green and busy solitudes
Ye may, to men unknown,
Have pleasures of your own,
And feel sweet sympathies with all dear Nature's moods.

IV.

To everything that lives
The kind Creator gives
Share of enjoyment; and, while musing here,
Amid the high grass laid,
Under your grateful shade,
I deem your branches rustling low and clear

May have some means of speech,
Lovingly, each to each,
Some power to understand, to wonder, to revere.

V.

I deem that all your leaves,
In morns, or noons, or eves,
Or in the starry stillness of the night,
May look to Heaven in prayer,
Or bend to earth, and share
Some joy of sense, some natural delight;
That root, and branch, and stem,
Partake the joy with them,
And feel through all their sap God's glory infinite.

VI.

I deem the song of birds
May speak to you in words,
And give you pleasure in your silent hours.
I deem that storm and hail,
The thunder and the gale,
The softly-dripping, health-restoring showers,
The sunlight and the dews,
May secretly infuse
Emotions of pure joy to all the groves and bowers.

VII.

I deem that all night long,
When hushed is every song,
And the cold frosty stars wink in the sky—

When the winds droop to rest
On Earth's forgiving breast—
That ye still wake, and hold communion high
With the o' er-arching spheres,
Disclosing to your ears
The truths in fables told of heavenly harmony.

VIII.

I deem, when winter cold
Howls o 'er the brittle wold,
And all your boughs rock naked to and fro,
That unto you is given,
By ever-watchful Heaven,
Strength to endure, and solace under woe;
That *He* who rules the wind
Tempers its wrath unkind,
And guards your lives, as ours, when bitter tempests blow.

IX.

I deem ye speak aloud
To the careering cloud;
And that your deep-toned hymns, to fervour wrought,
When dark December roars,
Voiced like the billowy shores,
Is the expression of religious thought;
And that, with distant waves,
Ye chant harmonious staves—
A psalmody sublime, with adoration fraught.

X.

O happy, happy trees!
Ye make no enemies:
All things that live and know you are your friends.
Enjoying and enjoyed,
Your harmless lives are void
Of all the Sorrow that on ours attends.
Your day is long and fair,
Your life is sweet to bear,
And Nature has decreed no suffering when it ends,

XI.

Ends—when restored to earth?
Perchance.—If constant birth
Springs but from constant changing and decay,
The life that moved your sap
May live again, mayhap,
And bear new beauties to the gaze of day.
Oh, mystery of Death!
Unspoken of our breath;
We feel, but know thee not—we can but hope and pray.

# THE SEVEN ANGELS OF THE LYRE.

I.

KNOWEST thou not the wondrous lyre?
Its strings extend from earth to heaven,
And ever more the angels seven,
With glowing fingers tipped in fire,
Draw from the chords celestial tones,
That peal in harmonies through all the starry zones.

II.

An angel with a pensive face
Sits at the key-note evermore;
Not sad, as if a pang she bore,
But radiant with supernal grace:—
Her name is SORROW; when she sings
The wondrous Lyre responds in all its golden strings.

III.

The second breathes in harmonies;—
A rainbow is her diadem,
And on her breast she wears a gem
That trickled from Contrition's eyes:—
Her name is SYMPATHY; her tears
Falling upon the Lyre make music in the spheres.

IV.

The third is beautiful as she;
Unfading flowers her brow adorn,
And from her smile a ray is born
That looks into Eternity:—

Her name is HOPE; to hear her voice
Belted Orion sings, and all the stars rejoice.

V.

The fourth with eyes of earnest ken,
Surveys the boundless universe,
While her ecstatic lips rehearse
The promises of God to men:—
Her name is FAITH; her mighty chord
Reverberates through space the glories of the Lord.

VI.

The fifth is robed in spotless white,
And from the beating of her heart,
Such heavenly corruscations start
As clothe the universe with light:—
Her name is LOVE; when she preludes
The constellations throb in all their multitudes.

VII.

The sixth inhales perpetual Morn:
Far through the bright Infinitude
She sees beyond the present Good,
The Better destined to be born:—
Her name is ASPIRATION; ever
She sings the might of WILL, the beauty of ENDEAVOUR.

VIII.

Crown and completion of the seven
Rapt ADORATION sits alone;

She wakes the Lyre's divinest tone—
It touches Earth—it dwells in heaven.
All life and nature join her hymn;
Man and the rolling worlds and choirs of cherubim.

IX.

Know'st thou that lyre? If through thy soul
Th' immortal music never ran,
Thou art but outwardly a man;—
Thou art not pure—thou art not whole—
A faculty within thee sleeps
Death-like, ensepultured, in dim, unfathomed deeps.

X.

Immortal spirit, hear and soar!
The angels wave their golden wings,
And strike the seven celestial strings,
To give thee joy for evermore:—
Mount upward, lark-like from the sod;
And join, thou happy soul, the harmonies of God!

## A PLEA FOR OUR PHYSICAL LIFE.

I.

Why should we ever toil,
In silence or turmoil,
To gather gold like Californian slaves?
Why should we still debate,
In melancholy state,
Knowledge abstruse to lead us to our graves?

Or dream majestic dreams,
Filling the earth with schemes
Of human happiness from our Utopian shelves—
World-wide! alas—but far too narrow for ourselves?

II.

Let us be young again,
And o'er the grassy plain
Gambol like children, and give Care the slip,
Forgetful of distress
And mental stateliness;
Let us be young in spirit, as we trip
Beside the running brooks,
Heedless of men and books,
And heart-sore Wisdom's frowns or magisterial sighs,
Looking contemptuous down upon our revelries.

III.

Have we outgrown the joys
That filled our hearts as boys?
And does the music of the thrushes bring
No more the young delight,
That in our childhood bright
Made beautiful the mornings of the spring?
Ripple the streams no more,
As in the days of yore?
Or are our ears so dulled by commerce with our kind,
That we can hear no hymns between the trees and wind?

IV.

In our too plodding homes
We ponder over tomes,
Ledger and day-book, till we quite forget
That there are fields and bowers,
And river-banks and flowers,
And that we owe our languid limbs a debt:
A debt most sweet to pay—
A needful holiday—
A brain-refreshing truce, 'mid intellectual strife,
That, fought too keenly out, impairs the mortal life.

V.

We do our nature wrong
Neglecting over long
The bodily joys that help to make us wise;
The ramble up the slope
Of the high mountain cope—
The long day's walk, the vigorous exercise,
The fresh, luxurious bath,
Far from the trodden path,
Or 'mid the ocean waves dashing with harmless roar,
Lifting us off our feet upon the sandy shore.

VI.

Kind Heaven! there is no end
Of pleasures as we wend
Our pilgrimage in life's undevious way,

If we but know the laws
Of the Eternal Cause,
And for His glory and our good obey.
But intellectual pride
Sets half these joys aside,
And our perennial care absorbs the soul so much,
That life burns cold and dim beneath its deadening touch.

VII.

What pleasures he hath missed
Who struggles to exist
Amid fictitious wants, and luxuries vain;
Spending his youth and prime
As if our comrade, Time,
Were but a servitor in Mammon's train;
And, waking up at last,
When threescore years have passed,
With stiff and palsied joints, and just enough of breath
To own how wrong he was, and pay his court to Death.

VIII.

Welcome, ye plump green meads,
Ye streams and sighing reeds!
Welcome, ye corn-fields, waving like a sea!
Welcome, the leafy bowers,
And children gathering flowers!
And farewell, for awhile, sage drudgery!

What, though we 're growing old,
Our blood is not yet cold:
Come with me to the fields, thou man of many ills,
And give thy limbs a chance among the daffodils!

IX.

Come with me to the woods,
And let their solitudes
Re-echo to our voices as we go.
Upon thy weary brain
Let childhood come again,
Spite of thy wealth, thy learning, or thy woe!
Stretch forth thy limbs, and leap—
Thy life has been asleep;
And though the wrinkles deep may furrow thy pale brow,
Show me, if thou art wise, how like a child art thou!

## THE IVY IN THE DUNGEON.

I.

The ivy in a dungeon grew
Unfed by rain, uncheered by dew;
Its pallid leaflets only drank
Cave-moistures foul, and odours dank.

II.

But through the dungeon-grating high
There fell a sunbeam from the sky;
It slept upon the grateful floor
In silent gladness evermore.

III.

The ivy felt a tremor shoot
Through all its fibres to the root:
It felt the light, it saw the ray,
It strove to blossom into day.

IV.

It grew, it crept, it pushed, it clomb—
Long had the darkness been its home;
But well it knew, though veiled in night,
The goodness and the joy of light.

V.

Its clinging roots grew deep and strong;
Its stem expanded firm and long;
And in the currents of the air
Its tender branches flourished fair.

VI.

It reached the beam—it thrilled—it curled—
It blessed the warmth that cheers the world;
It rose towards the dungeon bars—
It looked upon the sun and stars.

VII.

It felt the life of bursting Spring,
It heard the happy sky-lark sing.
It caught the breath of morns and eves,
And wooed the swallow to its leaves.

VIII.

By rains, and dews, and sunshine fed
Over the outer wall it spread;
And in the daybeam waving free,
It grew into a steadfast tree.

IX.

Upon that solitary place
Its verdure threw adorning grace.
The mating birds became its guests,
And sang its praises from their nests.

X.

Wouldst thou know the moral of the rhyme?
Behold the heavenly light! and climb.
To every dungeon comes a ray
Of God's interminable day.

## UNDER THE HOLLY BOUGH.

### A SONG FOR CHRISTMAS.

I.

Ye who have scorned each other,
Or injured friend or brother,
In this fast fading year;

Ye who, by word or deed,
Have made a kind heart bleed,
Come gather here.
Let sinned against, and sinning,
Forget their strife's beginning,
And join in friendship now—
Be links no longer broken ;—
Be sweet forgiveness spoken
Under the Holly Bough.

II.

Ye who have loved each other,
Sister and friend and brother,
In this fast fading year :
Mother and sire and child,
Young man and maiden mild,
Come gather here ;
And let your hearts grow fonder,
As memory shall ponder
Each past unbroken vow.
Old loves and younger wooing
Are sweet in the renewing,
Under the Holly Bough.

III.

Ye who have nourished sadness,
Estranged from hope and gladness,
In this fast fading year ;

Ye with o'erburdened mind,
Made aliens from your kind,
Come gather here.
Let not the useless sorrow
Pursue you night and morrow.
If e'er you hoped, hope now—
Take heart;—uncloud your faces,
And join in our embraces
Under the Holly Bough.

## INO NURSING BACCHUS.

SUGGESTED BY THE GROUP IN MARBLE EXECUTED BY J. H. FOLEY.

Ino lay toying with her sister's child;
The rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed, and lusty-limbed,
But motherless babe of wretched Semele.
Beautiful Ino! 'mid the leaves she lay—
The vine-leaves and the luscious bursting grapes
Gathered in Cos. About the babe she twined
Her round delicious arm; her bright eyes shone
With a deep earnestness of happy love;
Her calm face breathed serenity of soul;
The white convolvulus in her dark hair
Was not more pure and guileless than the maid
Who nursed the infant Bacchus, for the sake
Of Hope and Love, and hapless Semele.

Daily she watched him with a mother's care;
Daily he lay upon her spotless breast;
Daily she fed him with the grapes of Cos,
With rye-bread, softened in Bœotian cream,
And figs and honey from Hymettus' hill.
Daily she saw his spirit from his eyes
Beam on the world with new intelligence.
A sister's and a mother's love combined
Centred in him,—as yet no other love
Warmer than this had ever stirred her soul.

"My lovely Bacchus, my sweet boy," she said,
"Ne'er hast thou known, unhappy that thou art,
The joy of sleeping at thy mother's breast.
Ne'er did thy red lips from her bosom draw
The stream of life; ne'er did thine eyes behold
The brighter eyes of my sweet Semele,
Victim of Hera's jealousy and guile,
Slain by the majesty, too bright to bear,
Of her adoring Zeus—king of heaven,
Who would have given his kingdom to have spared
Those loving but presumptuous eyes the sight
Of that destructive glory, whose full blaze
No mortal ever could behold and live.
But I will love thee, Bacchus, well as she;
And for my sister's sake, my sister's child,
Shall be my love till larger love shall come,
And link my spirit to a wider world.

"Behold the grape-bunch I have plucked for thee!
Sparkle, ye earnest eyes! Quiver ye lips—
Ye rosy, ripe, red lips! Stretch forth to clutch it,
Ye chubby fingers! Glow thou little frame
With new desire! See how the berries hang
To tempt thee, Bacchus. Wilt thou grasp them, boy?
Aye, so thou shalt, my little ruddy-cheeks!
The heavy close-wedged bunches, filled with juice,
Delight thee ever. Thou hast played with grapes,
And stained thy lips and fingers with their blood,
Ever with growing joy, since thou could smile.
Lo! they are ripe, and fresh, and bathed in bloom,
Almost as lovely as thy longing lips.
Aye! seize them—hold them—press them to thy mouth,
And dye with purple the sharp pearls within!
"Bacchus, dear Bacchus, I have dreams of thee.
Thy father Zeus shows me in my sleep
Thy future glories. I can prophesy
All thy renown, and prowess, and good deeds,
Sweet boy! predestined to immortal youth!
Thou wilt remember Ino's words to thee,
When the full majesty of man or god
Shall sit upon thy forehead, as the sun
Sits on the noon-day sky and reigns alone.
My treasured words shall be thine oracles,
And aid the prophecy they utter now.

" More grapes! and wouldst thou wrest them from
the bunch?
Thou shalt not have them ere thou kissest me—
Thy lips are ready? Come then, put thine arms,
Pulpy, and warm, and loving, round my neck.
Thy kisses have no mixture of distrust;
They are all hope and faith, and childish love.
Here, take this bunch, sweet Bacchus, baby-god,
That shall one day, by favour of thy sire—
Thy glorious but most terrible sire—achieve
Greatness unparalleled by mortal men.
" Last night, sweet boy, I had a dream of thee.
I saw thee standing at the brazen wall
Of dreadful Tartarus. Thy looks were sad,
But earnest and majestic. Thou wert grown
To the full stature of the demi-god,
And all thy father sparkled in thine eyes.
Thy garments rustled with the fiery drops
Of moisture from the waves of Phlegethon,
Which thou hadst braved with all its tide of flame.
Thou stood'st, unharmed and resolutely strong,
Beside the adamantine columns tall
Of Hell's great portal. Wide the brazen gate
Swung open to admit thee; while I saw
Thy stedfast eyes through all that sombre place
Pour placid lustre, mellow as the moon's.
Nor Pluto nor Persephone arose

To chide the deed; fierce Cerberus but whined
From all his mouths—he could not bark at thee;
And the Eumenides sat still and scowled;
They could not harm thee—thou wert strong as they.—
Thine errand was of Heaven; and Hell itself,
Even while it glowed with hate, applauded thee.
Thy hapless mother, suffering for her sin,
Saw thee and wept. She flew into thine arms:
She knew that mighty Zeus loved her still,
And that he mourned the melancholy day
When he had slain her with the glorious blaze
Of his too bright and fierce divinity;—
That sent by Him thou camest through the gloom,
Braving the awful deity of Hell,
To lift her thence, and bear her up to Heaven,
Where, in the presence of the eternal gods,
Herself divine, she might endure and share
The splendour of his presence, and become
Herself a goddess to the world below.—
Thou 'lt do this deed; Bacchus! I know thou wilt.
"More grapes! thou little rifler? Well, they 're thine—
Thou thrivest on them. I have other dreams;
All sent by Zeus to my sleeping brain;
All full of future truths, my baby boy,
And all of thee. It was but yesternight,
Thou by my side, that I was lifted up

Into a heaven of thought, and far away
Over a clearly spread futurity,
I saw thee sceptred, robed, and diademed—
I saw thee leading to an Eastern clime
A mighty army; following thy car
They came in multitudinous frantic throngs,
With shouts tumultuous and cries of joy—
Women and men confused; these armed with sword,
And lance, and javelin, and bossy shield;
Those holding up the thyrsus and the lute
To grace or celebrate thy victories;
And with dishevelled hair, and quivering lips,
And flashing eyes, chanting triumphal songs.

"I saw thee on the plains of furthest Ind,
Revolving in full glory like the sun;
And all thy stars—kings and great potentates—
Showing a pallid light in dawn of thine.

"I saw thee teaching the barbaric lands
The wealth that industry can draw from earth.
Thy grandsire, Cadmus, gave the Greeks a boon;
But thou, my Bacchus, on these lands remote
Shalt pour more needful blessings; thou shalt show
The ignorant hind how best to till the soil,
When he shall dig, or plough, or sow, or reap;
How to exchange the corn, and milk, and skins,
And pastoral wealth, for amber, gold, and silk;
And how to plant, and tend, and press the vine,

And use for health, and strength, and length of days,
The treasures of the rich full-blooded grape.
" And art thou weary, Bacchus, my sweet boy?
Doth sleep come o'er thee, while I talk and sing,
And feast mine eyes upon thy loveliness?
Sleep in this bosom, then, immortal babe.
Mine and not mine,—yet as beloved still
As if not Semele, but Ino bore
Thy budding beauty to delight the world."

## SUMMER SHADES.

I.

UNDER the trees
Let me lie at ease;
To muse or slumber, wake or dream,
Lulled by the ripple of the stream;
By the buzzing of bees like a trumpet tune—
By the whisper of leaves to the wind of noon,
That scarcely stirs the upper boughs;—
By the clink that sounds amid the grass,
Like tempered steel on greaves of brass,
As the mail-clad grasshoppers chirp and pass.
Lulled by these murmurs, many in one,
A refugee from the sultry sun,

Beneath the trees I love to lie,
Heedless how the time goes by—
Heedless, thoughtless, happy ever,
Upon the greensward by the river.

II.

On the streamlet's mossy brink
The thrush and linnet bathe and drink;
There the tender violets grow,
And the water-lilies float and blow;
And the humble daisy-blossoms spread
Their snow-white petals tipped with red;
Into its breast the oak-tree drops
The abortive acorn-cups;
And the beaches scatter their loosened leaves—
Far adown the panting beeves
Cool the hoof, and switch the tail,
And gaze upon the waters pale
With mild eyes, grateful for the shade
By the o'er-arching verdure made;—
Over its breast the dragon-fly
Darts in silken brilliancy;
And a myriad happy living things
Sport their variegated wings;—
A little, but a lovely brook,
It flows through many a quiet nook;
A vein of life, a bounty given,
Refreshing Earth, reflecting Heaven.

III.

By the sultry day oppress,
Sweet are shadows, sweet is rest;
Shade, and rest, and cooling wind,
And half vacuity of mind—
Drowsy waking, watchful sleep;
And a feeling calm and deep,
That though the world may fret and moil,
And busy slaves in cities broil,
Their sweltering care affects not us,
Under the leaves luxurious.
Gold and power, though both be good,
Lose their charm in the fresh green-wood.
They cannot vie with ease and rest,
And cool winds on the water's breast;
And the floating shadows that go and come,
And the sweet monotonous drowsy hum,
That Nature's voices all express,
To woo us into happiness.

IV.

Peace in the spirit and the brain—
A sense of life unmixed with pain—
Give me these, O sultry Summer!
And to thy shades a frequent comer,
I 'll lie and dream on the wavy grass,
And let the pomp and pageant pass
Of the great world; nor waste one hour
Of life and duty in thy bower;

The fallow mind, like fallow field,
May after-crops of fulness yield;
And a wise Indolence may be
The mother of new Industry.
So Summer Shades your worth I tell,
And woo you oft and love you well.

## ON LEARNING TO SWIM,

I.

EUREKA! and, Eureka!
I've found another joy—
And gone back twenty seasons
To be again a boy.
In gurgling brooks and rivers
My feet shall wade no more;
The deep sea smiles to woo me—
I'm weary of the shore.

II.

Eureka! I have conquered—
The simple feat is done!
I've gained a new dominion—
Another world is won!
New life, new strength, new pleasure,
The elements afford;
And docile waters float me,
Their master and their lord.

III.

Let none despise my triumph;
Great may his pleasures be
Who makes them out of trifles,
With thankful heart and free—
Who finds them strewed around him,
Where'er his footsteps tend,
By Nature ever bounteous,
Our Teacher and our Friend.

IV.

I feel, O brave Columbus,
A pleasure great as thine,
When, sailing heavy-hearted
Upon the western brine,
San Salvador in beauty
First broke upon thy sight,
And gave, for bygone anguish,
Repayment of delight.

V.

I feel the joy of Newton,
When to his dubious mind
The law of gravitation
Was suddenly defined.
Such joy Leverrier tasted,
When with his charts unfurled,
Exploring Heaven for Neptune,
He found the expected world.

VI.

Before the will undaunted,
All difficulties fly,
And Nature yields obedience,
If patience will but try.
I 'll seek no more the shallows,
Or founder like a stone—
Eureka! I 'm a swimmer!
The waters are mine own.

## THE GARDEN SPIDER.

I.

Though feared by many, scorned by all,
Poor spider on my garden wall,
Accused as ugly, cruel, sly,
And seen with an averted eye;
Thou shalt not lack one friend to claim
Some merit for thy injured name,
If I have strength to right the wrong,
Or in men's memory lives my song.

II.

Men call thee ugly;—did they look
With closer eyes on Nature's book,
They might behold in seeing thee
A creature robed in brilliancy;

They might admire thy speckled back
Begemmed with purple, gold, and black;
Thy hundred eyes, with diamond rims;
Thy supple and resplendent limbs.

III.

They call thee cruel; but forget,
Although thy skilful trap be set
To capture the unwary prey,
That thou must eat as well as they.
No pampered appetites hast thou,
What kindly Nature's laws allow
Thou takest for thy daily food,
And kindly Nature owns it good.

IV.

Fie on us! we who hunt and kill,
Voracious, but unsated still;
Who ransack earth, and sea, and air,
And slay all creatures for our fare,
Complain of thee, whose instinct leads,
Unerring, to supply thy needs,
Because thou takest now and then
A fly, thy mutton, to thy den.

V.

And then we call thee sly, forsooth,
As if from earliest dawn of youth
We did not lay our artful snares
For rabbits, woodcocks, larks, and hares,

Or lurk all day by running brooks
To capture fish with cruel hooks,
And with a patient, deep, deceit
Betray them with a counterfeit.

VI.

So let the thoughtless sneer or laugh ;
I 'll raise my voice in thy behalf.
The life thou livest, Nature meant—
It cannot be but innocent ;
She gave thee instinct to obey,
Her faultless hand designed thy prey ;
And if thou killest, well we know
'T is need, not sport, compels the blow

VII.

And while I plead thy simple case
Against the slanderers of thy race,
And think thy skilful web alone
Might for some venial faults atone,
I will not pass unnoticed by
Thy patience in calamity,
Thy courage to endure or wait,
Thy self-reliance strong as fate.

VIII.

Should stormy wind, or thunder-show
Assail thy web in evil hour ;
Should ruthless hand of lynx-eyed bo
Or the prim gardener's rake destroy

The clever mathematic maze
Thou spreadest in our garden ways,
No vain repinings mar thy rest,
No idle sorrows fill thy breast.

IX.

Thou mayst perchance deplore thy lot,
Or sigh that fortune loves thee not;
But never dost thou sulk and mope,
Or lie and groan, forgetting hope;
Still with a patience, calm and true,
Thou workest all thy work anew,
As if thou felt that Heaven is just
To every creature of the dust,

X.

And that the Providence whose plan
Gives life to spiders as to man,
Will ne'er accord its aid divine
To those who lazily repine;
But that all strength to those is given
Who help themselves, and trust in Heaven.
Poor insect! to that faith I cling—
I learn thy lesson while I sing.

# THE OLD YEAR'S REMONSTRANCE.

I.

THE Old Year lay on his death-bed lone,
And ere he died he spoke to me,
Low and solemn in under tone,
Mournfully, reproachfully.
The fading eyes in his snow-white head
Shone bright the while their lids beneath.
These were the words the Old Year said—
I shall never forget them while I breathe:—

II.

"Did you not promise when I was born"—
Sadly he spoke, and not in ire—
"To treat me kindly—not to scorn—
And to pay the debts you owed my sire?
Did you not vow, with an earnest heart,
Your unconsidered hours to hive?
And to throw no day in waste away,
Of my three hundred sixty-five?

III.

"Did you not swear to your secret self,
Before my beard was a second old,
That whatever you'd done to my fathers gone,
You'd prize my minutes more than gold?
Did you not own, with a keen regret,
That the past was a time of waste and sin?
But that with me, untainted yet,
Wisdom and duty should begin?

IV.

" Did you not oft the vow renew
That never with me should folly dwell?
That, however Fate might deal with you,
You 'd prize me much, and use me well?
That never a deed of scorn or wrath,
Or thought unjust of your fellow-men,
Should, while I lived, obscure your path,
Or enter in your heart again?

V.

" Did you not fail?—but my tongue is weak
Your sad short-comings to recall."
And the Old Year sobbed—he could not speak—
He turned his thin face to the wall.
" Old Year! Old Year! I 've done you wrong—
Hear my repentance ere you die!
Linger awhile!" Ding-dong, ding-dong—
The joy-bells drowned his parting sigh.

VI.

" Old Year! Old Year!" he could not hear,
He yielded placidly his breath.
I loved him little while he was here,
I prized him dearly after death.
New Year! now smiling at my side,
Most bitterly the past I rue.
I 've learned a lesson since he died,
I 'll lead a better life with you.

## THE NEW YEAR'S PROMISES.

I.

THE New Year came with a bounding step,
Jovial, lusty, full of glee;
While the brazen rhymes of the church-bell chimes,
Like an eager crowd exultingly,
Hurried along on the crisp cold air,
To herald his birth to thee and me.

II.

He stood beside us fair and young,
He laid his warm hand upon mine;
Our hearth glowed bright with a cheerful light,
And our eyes lit up with a keener shine,
As we raised a goblet brimming o'er,
And pledged him in the ripe red wine.

III.

I know not if the merry guests
Heard the words that I could hear;
If on that morn when he was born
They held communion with the Year;
But this I know, he spoke to me
In low sweet accents, silver clear:—

IV.

"My sire," quoth he, "is dead and gone;
He served thee ill or served thee well,

But only did as he was bid;
Thou wert the master of his spell;
He took his character from thee—
Most willing and most tractable.

V.

"Such is my promise; weigh its worth;
If thou 'lt be sad, I 'll help thee sigh;
If thou wilt play thy life away,
What friend shall aid thee more than I?
Whate'er the colour of thy mind,
I 'll wear it for my livery.

VI.

"If thou 'lt be busy, I will toil,
And aid the work that thou hast planned;
If thou wilt quaff, or jest, or laugh,
Mine hours shall waste at thy command;
If thou 'lt endeavour to be wise,
I 'll aid thy soul to understand.

VII.

"Do with me as thou wilt, good friend;
I 'll be thy slave in time to be,
But when I pass—whate'er I was—
I am the master over thee.
My father's ghost inspires my words;
Take heed!—make friends with Memory.

VIII.

" To-morrow and to-day I 'm thine,
But all my yesterdays mis-spent
Shall live as foes to thy repose,
And clog thy spirit's free ascent;
Pursue thee when thou know'st it not,
And haunt thee to thy detriment."

IX.

The New Year's face was calm and sad:
His words still floated through my brain
When the guests around with joyous sou
Gave him a welcome once again:
" May he be better than the last!"
Was aye the burden of their strain.

X.

And the New Year's face grew bright as
Friends, kinsmen, lovers, true, and tried,
We formed the prayer that Heaven migl
Our hearts to bless him when he died;
And thus we ushered the New Year in,—
And welcomed him to our fireside.

# THE YOUNG MEN'S PETITION TO THEIR EMPLOYERS.

(WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF THE FRIENDS OF THE EARLY CLOSING MOVEMENT AT IPSWICH.)

I.

We form no vain capricious wish,
No idle words deliver,
The boon we want is small to grant,
A trifle to the giver;
But great to us as health and strength,
And sweet as virtuous pleasure—
A little time at evening chime,
An hour or two of leisure.

II.

We ask it not that we may throw
A burden on a neighbour,
Nor seek it coward-like to shirk
Our share of honest labour;
We feel and cherish the belief,
That were the gift accorded,
We 'd work with double energy,
And earn it ere afforded.

III.

Nor do we crave those evening hours
For idle dissipation,
For lure of vice, for cards or dice,
Or worthless conversation.
We wish to breathe the breath of heaven,
When summer airs invite us,
Or read in wintry nights the books
That teach us and delight us.

IV.

Not that this new-born work of mind
Our work of hand shall fetter;
'T is wise ambition to aspire
From good things to the better.
Not that we 'll soar above the shop,
Or scorn our means of living,
Though life has something else to give
As greatly worth the giving.

V.

Oh, no! we 'll not neglect the round
Of still recurring duty,
But see and love in leisure gained
The charm of moral beauty.
And Hope shall make us better men;—
Be you the impartial judges,
And watch us grow in self-respect
In ceasing to be drudges.

VI.

Grant, then, the boon—the gain to us
Will make you none the poorer;
Free service profits more than slave—
Its gratitude is surer.
The ten hours' toil of thankful hearts
Is better worth receiving,
Than toil of ten and five, enforced
Mid discontent and grieving.

VII.

That we may know the sympathies
Mid ceaseless toil denied us;
That we may taste the mental stores
Which books and men provide us;
That we may share the boundless wealth
Of intellectual pleasure—
Give us, we pray, at close of day,
An hour or two of leisure.

VIII.

So may your wealth, from year to year,
Increase like corn-fields growing:
So may your cup of mortal joy
Be full to overflowing;
So never may compunctious throb
Disturb your contemplation,
That you refused your fellow-men
The chance of Education.

# THE PRAYER OF THE MAMMONITES.

Six days we give thee heart and brain;
In grief or pleasure, joy or pain,
Thou art our guide, O god of Gain!

And on the seventh, although we kneel
At other altars, and conceal,
For fashion's sake, the love we feel;

'T is but our outward looks that pray;
Our inward thoughts are far away,
And give thee homage night and day.

Though often at a purer shrine
Our thoughts and actions disincline,
We 're never hypocrites at thine.

Oh, no! we love thee far too well,
More than our words can ever tell,
With passion indestructible.

When thou art kind, all Earth is fair,
Men's eyes incessant homage glare,
Their tongues perennial flatteries bear.

But when thou frownest, all men frown;
We dwell among the stricken-down,
The scum and by-word of the town.

Though we are good, and wise, and true,
Deprived of thee, men look askew:
We have no merit in their view.

Though we have wit and eloquence,
The world denies us common sense,
If thou no golden shower dispense.

But mean, bad, stupid, all the three—
It matters not whate'er we be,
We have all Virtue, having thee.

Men hold us in their hearts enshrined,
To all our faults their eyes are blind,
We are the salt of humankind.

If we are old, they call us young;
And if we speak with foolish tongue,
The praises of our wit are sung.

If we are ugly, gold can buy
Charms to adorn us in the eye
Of universal flattery.

If we are crooked, we grow straight—
If lame, we have Apollo's gait,
Seen in thy light, O Potentate!

Shine on us, Mammon, evermore—
Send us increase of golden store—
That we may worship and adore;

And that by look, and voice, and pen
We may be glorified of men,
And praise thy name. Amen! Amen!

## A VISIT TO BEDLAM.

I WALKED through Bedlam with an aching heart,
And gazing on its poor inhabitants
I learned a lesson of humility.
Some, vacant-eyed, full-faced, and blubber-lipped,
Sat on the ground, their chins upon their laps;
And cuddled with close arms their firm-set knees.
One grey-haired man paced slowly to and fro,
And squared his fists at the careering clouds;
And muttered to himself as if he talked
With grinning demons, whom he longed to strike,
Scowling upon him from the upper air.
Some wandered up and down with lazy gait,
And a perpetual smile upon their lips,
In ill accordance with their ashy eyes—
Dull as the embers of a faded fire.
Others, with restless march and flashing face,
Or a convulsive twitching of the jaws,
Counted their steps across the dreary yard,
Or held fierce converse with ideal foes.

One man, however, with a placid smile,
And words and gestures full of courtesy,
Begged me to listen to a scheme he had.
"I am," said he, "no madman, though I 'm here.
Survey me well:—do I look like a fool?
Is any idiotcy in these bright eyes?
I pray you listen. Are you good and kind,
And will you give or lend me sixpence, sir?
I thought you would, you are a gentleman.
Now, let me see. One penny for a quill,
One penny for some ink, and fourpence more
For paper; that makes sixpence, does it not?
You see that my arithmetic is right—
Best of all proofs of perfect sanity.
My greatest misery in this sad place
Is want of paper to write down my thoughts;
You have supplied my need—and with your gift
I shall not envy any man on earth.
Thank you, again! And now I will disclose
The plan I 've dreamed of to reform the world.
Like all great schemes it has but little in 't,—
So simple is it, that you 'll doubtless smile
At men's stupidity, who till this day
Never discovered it; though 't is as clear
As any theorem in Euclid's book.
It stares them in the face by night and day,
And yet they cannot see its aptitude

To cure all mortal evils. You 'll allow
That eating is the greatest curse of life,
The cause of death, the quintessence of sin?
Our mother Eve was cautioned not to eat;
Heaven's only law was, 'Eat thou not at all.'
But Eve was foolish, and the Devil sly;
He knew her weakness—steaks and mutton-chops
Sprang from that apple, as effect from cause!
She ate, and straightway sorrow, pain, and death,
Rushed like a torrent, and laid waste the world.

"Man wants no food. The rich and genial air
Is filled with all the nutriment he needs.
The abundant air—the abundant water pure,
Are quite sufficient for his health and strength;
All coarser food is but the source of death:
Were these alone his diet every day,
There would be, clearly, no more robberies;
No murders for the sake of paltry gold
(Gold, only precious for the sake of food),
No judges, juries, hangmen, barristers,
No proctors, no attornies, no police;
No toil would wear the flesh and bones of men,
At most unwholesome work for scanty pay;
And as for beggary, why, who would beg,
When the free air would yield him nourishment?
The beggar would be wealthy as a king,
The beggar's brat as happy as a bird

That sings its love-song in the light of morn.
Physicians, poison-mongers, all that tribe,
Might shut up shop; there would be no disease
To try the skill of "vile apothecaries."
'T is eating breeds all evil in our flesh,
Ill-feeling, jealousies, revenge, and hate,
Gout, apoplexy, palsy, fever, pest!
Oh, what a fair and heavenly world is spoiled,
By this coarse madness of unhappy men!"

"Are you quite sure," I said, "that you, yourself,
Could live on air? Your scheme, in theory,
Is quite complete—but how would practice work?"
"Most admirably well—it could not fail,"
He answered promptly, with a kindling eye.
"It might, perhaps, be difficult at first,
But if men earnestly desired reform,
Success would crown their efforts, soon or late.
The guilty and degraded man, who drinks
Too deep of alcohol, is slow to learn
The blessedness of water from the brook;
But he *can* learn it, if his will be strong.
So of this other vice;—there needs but time
To make men angels. Oh, benighted men!
Slaves of your bellies! helots of your teeth!"

"Ah, yes! the teeth," said I. "The teeth!" said he;
"I know your argument! I feel your sneer:

Teeth are for ornament, and not for use.
What is the use of hair upon the head,
Beard on the chin, or whiskers on the jaws?
Or the two nipples on the breasts of men?"
Lest further speech should weaken the effect
Of this last climax of his argument,
He shook me by the hand and went away,
His features glowing with benevolence,
And all his frame pervaded with his joy.
I sighed—and smiled—and then went wandering on,
Musing upon this dreamer, till I heard
A sudden voice, as if a woman spake
In angry majesty and stern command.
I stopped and looked, and in a darksome cell,
Crouched in a corner on a heap of straw,
I saw a creature, at whose aspect bare
A freezing shudder ran through all my veins.
The large round head, unfeminine, was cropped,
And the short hair, like stubble in a field,
Stood perpendicular; her face was thin
And yellow-brown, her eyes were fiery bright,
And glared upon me with a fiendish scowl;
Her only garment was a long loose robe
Of coarse blue cloth, tied round her with a cord;
Her large-veined feet were bare upon the floor,
Her arms were naked to the shoulder-pits,
And in her hand she held a broken straw.

"Begone!" she said; "but if you will not go,
Come in respectfully; take off your shoes,
Go down upon your knees; do you not see
That you are treading on my tapestries?
Are you so blind that you are not aware
You stand in presence of the Queen of Grief?"
Rising before me as she spoke, I saw
A tall young woman, old in wretchedness
But not in years, with pale and skinny hands,
And face so full of tragic earnestness
It haunts me yet—a creature of the mind,
Familiar to me as a pain endured.
The keeper shut the door and locked her in.
"Our worst case," said the man; "a hopeless case.
What made her mad I know not. She is calm
When no one looks at her. Left to herself,
She sings, and talks, and gives commands all day
To Dukes and Lords, gold-sticks and Chamberlains"
I looked no more, I had beheld enough
Of madness and of wretchedness; but still,
With deep humility and gratitude,
Whilst breathing to myself the people's prayer—
"God save my senses,"—I confessed with awe
The wondrous mercy governing the world.
Madness is horrible: but who shall tell
If madness be a misery to the mad?
The back is fitted for the load it bears,

And ev'n in madness, Fate's equivalents
May make amends for blessed reason lost.
The poor philosopher, brimful of schemes,
Blessed with a sixpence and a listener,
Was happier than I, that pitied him:
And the harsh hag, whose very sight made creep
The flesh upon my bones, had golden dreams
Of wealth, dominion, majesty and power.
    Great is the doctrine of equivalents;
Mighty and universal is the law
Of Compensation,—If we lose we gain,
And if we gain, we lose. So rolls the world.
The hand of Justice holds th' eternal scale.
If we are happy in the world's esteem,
Perchance we have a secret sore within.
If great, we may behold a skeleton
Taking its place behind us at the board,
To give us warning what the end shall be;
If we are mean, we have a comforter
In the conviction, that we cannot fall
Beneath the lowest depth at which we lie.
If we are sane, we feel our sanity
In care, and sorrow, and perennial toil.
If we are mad, just Heaven looks pitying down,
And sends us dreams that shame realities.

# YOU AND I.

I.

WHO would scorn his humble fellow
For the coat he wears?
For the poverty he suffers?
For his daily cares?
Who would pass him in the footway
With averted eye?
Would you, brother? No—you would not.
If you would—not *I*.

II.

Who, when vice or crime, repentant,
With a grief sincere
Asked for pardon, would refuse it—
More than Heaven severe?
Who to erring woman's sorrow
Would with taunts reply?
Would you, brother? No—you would not.
If you would—not *I*.

III.

Who would say that all who differ
From his sect must be
Wicked sinners, heaven-rejected,
Sunk in Error's sea,

And consign them to perdition
With a holy sigh?
Would you, brother? No—you would not.
If you would—not *I*.

IV.

Who would say that six days' cheating,
In the shop or mart,
Might be rubbed by Sunday praying
From the tainted heart,
If the Sunday face were solemn
And the credit high?
Would you, brother? No—you would not.
If you would—not *I*.

V.

Who would say that Vice is Virtue
In a hall of state?
Or that rogues are not dishonest
If they dine off plate?
Who would say Success and Merit
Ne'er part company?
Would you, brother? No—you would not.
If you would—not *I*.

VI.

Who would give a cause his efforts
When the cause was strong,
But desert it on its failure,
Whether right or wrong?

Ever siding with the upmost,
Letting downmost lie?
Would you, brother? No—you would not.
If you would—not *I*.

VI.

Who would lend his arm to strengthen
Warfare with the right?
Who would give his pen to blacken
Freedom's page of light?
Who would lend his tongue to utter
Praise of tyranny?
Would you, brother? No—you would not.
If you would—not *I*.

## "BOWING DOWN."

"THE WAY TO RISE IN LONDON."

I.

THERE came a lad to London town,
*Bowing down, bowing down;*
He had no principle nor pence,
But cunning, wit, and eloquence;
He longed for power, he longed for pelf,
He had a fond love for himself.
How were his ends to be achieved?
He looked around him and perceived,
*That bowing down, bowing down,*
Was the way to rise in London town.

II.

He lost no time in vain debate,
*Bowing down, bowing down.*
He clung to men of high estate,
He was a toady to the great;
He had a loud laugh in his poke,
Whene'er his patron made a joke:
A servile tongue, a fawning eye,
And a beautiful humility;
*For bowing down, bowing down,*
Was the way to rise in London town.

III.

And he could write as well as speak,
*Bowing down, bowing down,*
Whene'er there was a spite to wreak,
Or foe to crush in a critique;
A flaw or error to defend,
His pen was ready for his *friend;*
Though for these tasks, we may be sure,
He had no friends among the *poor;*
*For bowing down, bowing down,*
Was the way to rise in London town.

IV.

He was not proud—oh, not at all!
*Bowing down, bowing down,*
He 'd play the ready menial,
And fetch or carry, stand or fall;

He'd dance or sing, or preach or jest,
Or give his talk a ribald zest;
He felt no qualms could he but hit
His patron's humour or his wit;
*For bowing down, bowing down,*
Was the way to rise in London town.

V.

And not alone by word or pen,
*Bowing down, bowing down,*
Was he of use to powerful men;
He knew the hour, the where, the when,
To pander to each quiet vice—
He was too needy to be nice;
But what he did we need not tell,
Our silence shows it just as well;
*For bowing down, bowing down,*
Was the way to rise in London town.

VI.

He was successful in his aim,
*Bowing down, bowing down,*
Achieved position and a name,
And gathering gold to gild his fame,
Aspired to give the nation laws,
Quite certain of his own applause.
He found a borough to his mind,
His patron lord was more than kind:

*For bowing down, bowing down,*
Was the way to rise in London town.

VII.

And now a mighty man is he,
*Bowing down, bowing down;*
And for his own servility,
He 'd take revenge on thee and me.
His menials lead the life of slaves,
He thinks all human creatures knaves,
And those who need him blush to feel,
'T is vain to sue unless they kneel;
*And that bowing down, bowing down,*
Is the way to rise in London town.

VIII.

There is this lesson in his fate,
*Bowing down, bowing down,*
That all who know him scorn or hate,
And that, though rich, he 's desolate.
We will not hate him, will not scorn,
We 'll rather pity the forlorn,
And doubt the truth before our eyes,
Affirmed by all the worldly wise,
*That bowing down, bowing down,*
Is the way to rise in London town.

# THE SECRET OF SUCCESSFUL LYING.

BUILD a lie—yes, build a lie,
A large one—be not over tender;
Give it a form, and raise it high,
That all the world may see its splendour;
Then launch it like a mighty ship
On the restless sea of men's opinion,
And the ship shall sail before the gale
Endued with motion and dominion.

Though storms may batter it evermore,
Though angry lightnings flash around it,
Though whirlwinds rave, and whirlpools roar,
To overwhelm and to confound it,
The ship shall ride, all wrath of time
And hostile elements defying:
The winds of Truth are doubtless strong,
But great's the buoyancy of lying.

And though the ship grow old at last,
Leaky, and water-logged, and crazy,
Yet still the hulk endures the blast,
And fears no weather, rough or hazy;
For should she sink, she'll rise again,
No strength her rotten planks shall sever:
Give her but size, and the worst of lies
May float about the world for ever.

# THE POOR MAN'S RICHES.

I.

Poor! did you call me?
My wants are but few,
And generous Nature
Gives more than my due;
The air and the sunshine,
Fresh water and health,
And heart to enjoy them—
All these are my wealth.

II.

No close-handed miser,
That e'er had a hoard,
Could reckon such treasure
As I can afford:
The wood in its verdure,
The stream in its flow,
Are mine in their beauty
Wherever I go.

III.

My wealth is substantial,
Although in the mart
I cannot convey it,
In whole or in part;

Yet, if I enjoy it,
What signifies more?
I 'm lord of the ocean;
I 'm king of the shore.

IV.

Wealth could procure me
But pleasure and ease:
I 've both in my garden
Beneath the green trees;
I 've both in my cottage,
My fancies to feed;
I 've both in my conscience,—
What more do I need?

V.

The joys that delight me
Are free as my thought;
They 're common as sunshine—
They cannot be bought.
I 've servants and minstrels,
And boundless domains;
I 've rivers and mountains,
And forests and plains.

VI.

The robin's my minstrel,
My friend, and my ward;
The lark is my poet,
The thrush is my bard.

No great prima donna,
The pride of her hour,
Can yield me more music
Than birds in the bower.

VII.

The rich and the mighty
Have chaplains in pay;
And I, too, have chaplains
As pious as they,—
Who preach to my spirit
As with them I bend
To God the Creator,
My Father and Friend.

VIII.

In whispering foliage
They soothe and persuade;
They sing in the sunlight,
They talk in the shade;
I hear them in tempests,
I see them in cloud—
In the voice of the thunder
They reason aloud.

IX.

Though gold has its friendships
That cling to it well,
Acquaintance and lovers
Too many to tell;

Yet I, too, by myriads,
Have friends of my own,
Who pay me sweet visits
When I am alone.

X.

All saints and apostles,
All prophets divine,
All sages and poets,
Are teachers of mine,—
My friends and my teachers
Wherever I roam,
The guides of my spirit,
The lights of my home.

XI.

And, crown of all riches,
Far better than pelf,
I 've a true heart who loves me
For sake of myself.
With these and my patience,
And strength to endure,
My health, and my honour,
How can I be poor?

# MACLAINE'S CHILD,

## A LEGEND OF LOCHBUY, MULL.

"MACLAINE, you 've scourged me like a hound;
You should have struck me to the ground,
You should have played a chieftain's part—
You should have stabbed me to the heart.

"You should have crushed me into death;
But here I swear with living breath,
That for this wrong which you have done,
I 'll wreak my vengeance on your son—

"On him, and you, and all your race!"
He said, and bounding from his place,
He seized the child with sudden hold—
A smiling infant three years old.

And, starting like a hunted stag,
He scaled the rock, he clomb the crag,
And reached o'er many a wide abyss
The beetling seaward precipice.

And, leaning o'er its topmost ledge,
He held the infant o'er the edge.
"In vain thy wrath, thy sorrow vain,
No hand shall save it, proud Maclaine."

With flashing eye and burning brow
The mother followed, heedless how,
O'er crags with mosses overgrown,
And stair-like juts of slippery stone;

But midway up the rugged steep,
She found a chasm she could not leap,
And, kneeling on its brink, she raised
Her supplicating hands, and gazed.

"Oh, spare my child, my joy, my pride;
Oh, give me back my child!" she cried;
"My child! my child!" with sobs and tears,
She shrieked upon his callous ears.

"Come, Evan," said the trembling chief,
His bosom wrung with pride and grief,
"Restore the boy, give back my son,
And I 'll forgive the wrong you 've done."

"I scorn forgiveness, haughty man!
You 've injured me before the clan,
And nought but blood shall wipe away
The shame I have endured to-day."

And as he spoke he raised the child,
To dash it 'mid the breakers wild,
But at the mother's piercing cry
Drew back a step, and made reply:

"Fair lady, if your lord will stray
And let a chieftain wield the whip,
I'll seek revenge, fray and blood shall run,
I'll give you back your little son."

The lady's cheeks grew pale with ire,
The chieftain's eyes flashed sudden fire;
He drew a pistol from his breast,
Took aim, then dropt it sore distrest.

"I might have slain my babe instead.
Come Ewan, come," the father said.
And through his heart a tremour ran:
"We'll fight our quarrel man to man."

"Wrong unavenged I've never borne,"
Said Ewan, speaking loud in scorn:
"You've heard my answer, proud Maclaine.
I will not fight you—think again."

The lady stood in mute despair,
With freezing blood and stiffening hair;
She moved no limb, she spoke no word,
She could but look upon her lord.

He saw the quivering of her eye,
Pale lips, and speechless agony—
And doing battle with his pride,
"Give back the boy—I yield," he cried.

A storm of passion shook his mind,
Anger, and shame, and love combined;
But love prevailed, and, bending low,
He bared his shoulders to the blow.

"I smite you," said the clansman true;
"Forgive me, chief, the deed I do!
For by yon Heaven that hears me speak,
My dirk in Evan's heart shall reek."

But Evan's face beamed hate and joy;
Close to his breast he hugged the boy:
"Revenge is just, revenge is sweet,
And mine, Lochbuy, shall be complete."

Ere hand could stir, with sudden shock,
He threw the infant o'er the rock;
Then followed with a desperate leap,
Down fifty fathoms to the deep.

They found their bodies in the tide;
And never till the day she died
Was that sad mother known to smile:—
The Niobe of Mulla's isle.

They dragged false Evan from the sea,
And hanged him on a gallows tree;
And ravens fattened on his brain,
To sate the vengeance of Maclaine.

# THE EXILE OF CLOUDLAND.

I.

When I was a dweller in Cloudland
I dwelt in a rich and a proud land;
I was lord of the clime,
I was king of the time:
And the sun and the shower,
The leaf and the flower,
All came to my bidding in Cloudland.

II.

I was monarch supreme in my Cloudland,
I was master of fate in that proud land;
I would not endure
That a grief without cure,
A love that could end,
Or a false-hearted friend,
Should dwell for an instant in Cloudland.

III.

My Cloudland, my beautiful Cloudland,
I made thee a great and a proud land:
With skies ever bright,
And with hearts ever light;—
Neither sorrow nor sin
Found a harbour within,
And Love was the law of my Cloudland.

IV.

But, alas for myself and my proud land!
There came Revolution in Cloudland;
My people, untrue,
Broke my sceptre in two,
And, false to their vow,
Took the crown from my brow,
And banished me far from my Cloudland.

V.

My Cloudland, my beautiful Cloudland,
How happy was I in that proud land!
All the wisdom I've won
Since my realm was undone,
Is but poor to repay
What I lost in the day
When I turned my last looks upon Cloudland.

VI.

Oh, ye thoughts and ye feelings of Cloudland!
Ye died when I quitted that proud land!
I wander discrowned,
On a bare chilly ground;
An exile forlorn,
Weary, weary, and worn,
Never more to revisit my Cloudland!

## YOUTH'S WARNING.

I.

BEWARE, exulting youth, beware
When life's young pleasures woo,
That ere you yield you shrive your heart,
And keep your conscience true.
For sake of silver spent to-day
Why pledge to-morrow's gold?
Or in hot blood implant Remorse
To grow when blood is cold?
*If wrong you do, if false you play,*
*In summer among the flowers,*
*You must atone, you shall repay,*
*In winter among the showers.*

II.

To turn the balances of Heaven
Surpasses mortal power;
"For every white there is a black,
For every sweet a sour."
For every up there is a down,
For every folly, Shame;
And Retribution follows Guilt,
As burning follows flame.
*If wrong you do, if false you play,*
*In summer among the flowers,*
*You must atone, you shall repay,*
*In winter among the showers.*

# THE LEGEND OF THE WILLOW-WEED.

THE Willow-weed, or Willow-herb (Epilobium), beautiful alike in its wild state and as an ornament to the garden, begins to drop its purple flowers towards the end of August. Its pod opens at the top, and displays the seeds, each attached to a little car or balloon of the most delicate down, which at the slightest breath of wind are dispersed over the country. There is a fanciful notion attached to the down of the Willow-weed, as also to that of the Thistle and the Dandelion, that if blown into the air by a lady, it will sail away in the direction inhabited by him who is most truly attached to her.

I.

THE Willow-weed displayed no more
To summer suns its purple crown,
But on its fainting forehead bore
Its waving plumes of feathery down.
The rosy-cheeked and black-eyed Nell,
As beautiful as she was kind,
Broke off the flower to try a spell,
And spread it smiling to the wind.
"Fly, feathery down!" she said, and blew—
"To North or South, to East or West;
But travel sure, and tell me true,
Where dwelleth he that loves me best."

II.

The gentle breath of Ellen's lips
Let loose the little slim-built cars,
As light as Mab's aërial ships,
In which she journeys to the stars.
By current of the breeze impelled,
The frail balloon went floating forth,
But, traitor to the hope it held,
Was slowly borne towards the North.
"False flower," she cried, "the spell is nought;
There is a magnet in the West—
Thou shouldst have travelled with my thought;
Thou know'st him not that loves me best."

III.

Behind a tree the youth she loved
Stood, feeding fancy with delight;
He clasped her willing hand, and proved
That she had wrought the charm aright.
"Though I lay hid, the flower was wise;
Thy look, thy voice, thy spell it knew,
And, drawing magic from thine eyes,
Toward my throbbing heart it flew."
"Fly, flower," she said, "fly fair and free,
To North or South, to East or West;
Thou shall be Love's own flower to me,
For sake of him who loves me best."

# AN AUTUMNAL LYRIC.

I.

How liberal and lovely
Is all the varied year;
The Winter only showers,
And the Summer only flowers,
To bring ripe Autumn here.
When roared the wintry tempest,
When fell the sleet and snow,
When rushed the mountain torrents
In vernal overflow;
When fell the sweet spring blossoms
Into the lap of June,
And leaves grew thick and juicy
In many a summer noon:
'T was all for sake of Autumn,
So bountiful and free—
'T was all for the golden harvest—
'T was all for thee and me.

II.

We 've lost the Spring-time glories,
And pomp of Summer's day;
We prized them well and truly,
But formed no wish unduly
That all the months were May.

We knew, and we were grateful,
That after these had fled,
The wheat-stalk, fully laden,
Would bear a heavy head;
That mulberries would ripen,
And filberts cluster brown,
And winds through orchards roving
Shake pulpy apples down.
We knew that fruitful Autumn
Would smile on field and tree,
And pour its annual treasure,
And all for thee and me.

III.

And now that we have garnered
The tribute of the year,
We 'll seek our humble fellows
For whom no corn-field yellows,
And bid them to our cheer.
And, grateful for the blessings
So bounteously bestowed,
We 'll share them with the needy
That meet us on our road;
With the gleaner and the beggar,
And the man of low estate,
With the widow and the orphan,
And the stranger at our gate.

So shall the Autumn bless us,
And Heaven be pleased to see;
And the prayers of the sorrow-stricken
Ascend for thee and me.

## LOVE'S QUESTIONS AND REPLIES.

I.

I SEND a question to my dear
Each morning by the lark,
And every night the nightingale
Brings answer ere the dark.
The question needs no other words,
And this is the reply—
"I 'll love thee, dearest, while I live,
And bless thee if I die."

II.

I send a message by the rose;
It says, "Thou breathing grace,
Thy modest virtue, like this flower,
Spreads fragrance round thy place."
The lily brings the answer meet:
"O thou whom I adore,
My heart is spotless as these leaves,
And loves thee evermore."

# HAPPY LOVE.

I.

WHAT is the meaning of the song
That rings so clear and loud,
Thou nightingale amid the copse—
Thou lark above the cloud?
What says thy song, thou joyous thrush,
Up in the walnut tree?
"I love my love, because I know
My love loves me."

II.

What is the meaning of thy thought,
O maiden fair and young?
There is such pleasure in thine eyes,
Such music on thy tongue,
There is such glory on thy face—
What can the meaning be?
"I love my love, because I know
My love loves me."

III.

O happy words! at Beauty's feet
We sing them ere our prime;
And when the early summers pass,
And Care comes on with Time,

Still be it ours, in Care's despite,
To join the chorus free—
"I love my love, because I know
My love loves me."

## UNHAPPY JOHN.

I.

Unhappy John doubts woman's truth,
And vows true love is dead and gone;—
Why?—He was jilted in his youth;
A false fair maid abandoned John:
Because he found one cankered peach,
All fruit is worthless in his eyes.—
Come forth, ye gentle souls, and teach
The selfish craven how he lies;
Come forth, ye ladies bright and fair,
Point at him your reproving hands,
And let your eyes your truth declare,
*And shame him where he stands.*

II.

Unhappy John is sick of schemes;
He doubts the use of striving on;—
Why?—Something is amiss, it seems,
And failure has disheartened John;

He moans in pitiful distress,
Because his projects topple down.—
Come forth, ye masters of success,
Ye builders of your own renown,
Who dig the mine or fell the oak;
Show him your hard and blistered hands,
Tell him the worth of stroke on stroke,
*And shame him where he stands.*

III.

Unhappy John distrusts his kind;
He gives the world his malison;—
Why?—He was somewhat weak and blind,
And a false rogue defrauded John.
He thinks misanthropy is right,
If he be cheated of his pelf.—
Come forth, true souls, and in your light
Depict the bigot to himself,
Come forth, ye generous and good,
With spotless hearts and liberal hands,
Show him the face of brotherhood,
*And shame him where he stands.*

# MAY MARY.

## A STREET ROMANCE.

I.

"What! is it you, May Mary?
You, in this tawdry gown?
With painted cheeks, and hollow eyes,
An outcast in this wretched guise,
A victim of the town?

II.

"Oh Mary! sad May Mary!
Five little years ago,
I saw you on the village green,
A bashful maiden of sixteen,
As pure as falling snow.

III.

"Oh desolate May Mary!
Your face was blooming then,
Your laugh rang merry in our ears,
And lovely both in smiles and tears,
You won the hearts of men.

IV.

" You drew all eyes, May Mary!
We looked upon your face,
And could not choose but breathe a prayer
That Heaven would shield you with its care,
And light you with its grace.

V.

" How are you fallen, May Mary!
You are the scorner's mark;
There is a cloud upon your fame,
There is a blight upon your name,
Your light has turned to dark.

VI.

" And, Oh forlorn May Mary!
It grieves me to behold
The woe that guilt has brought on you,
The change that grief has wrought in you—
It makes my blood run cold.

VII.

" But yet, take courage, Mary,
God's mercy long endures;
My God is God of all who mourn.
Repent—amend—your heart shall turn;—
Forgiveness shall be yours."

VIII.

"Alas!" said sad May Mary,
"My dearest hopes are gone;
No chance is left to my desire,
I am down-trodden in the mire,
My days of joy are done.

IX.

"Mine is the old, old story—
I foolishly believed;—
I gave my heart in joy and pain;
But loving, was not loved again;—
Abandoned and deceived.

X.

"Yet I, e'en I, May Mary,
A target set for scorn,
And clinging to a desperate life.
Neither a maiden, nor a wife,
Despised, undone, forlorn,

XI.

"I, even I, was happy!
But three short months ago,
I had a child, a lovely child,
Fair-haired, blue-eyed, most sweet and mild,
A blessing in my woe.

XII.

"The little creature prattled
With soft angelic words;—
It made me think of days gone by,
Of village bowers, a cloudless sky,
And songs of happy birds.

XIII.

"It had a sense—God save it—
To mine superior far;
It drew me from the wrong to right;—
In utter darkness 't was a light,
A beacon and a star.

XIV.

"I was most weak and sinful;—
I listened to Despair;—
When frenzied thoughts possessed my brain,
Gin was the solace of my pain,
The soother of my care.

XV.

"The little creature saw it;
'T was sane, when I was mad;
And said such things, I wondered oft
To hear that infant voice so soft,
Breathe goodness to the bad.

XVI.

"It made me love lost Virtue,
It cheered my darkest day,
It was a vision in my rest,
It was a floweret in my breast,
It drove my guilt away.

XVII.

"The child is dead:—May Mary
But lives its loss to moan;
The only thing that loved her here
Has gone to Heaven—her heart is sear,—
She walks the world alone!—"

XVIII.

"God help thee, sad May Mary!
Though guilt on guilt be piled,
The heart may hope to be forgiven
That patiently confides in Heaven,
And loves a little child.

XIX.

"Look up! forlorn May Mary,
And kiss the chastening rod!
Thy child has only gone before,
Amid the seraphs that adore
It pleads for thee to God."

# A HAND TO TAKE.

I.

You 're rich, and yet you are not proud;
You are not selfish, hard, or vain;
You look upon the common crowd
With sympathy, and not disdain;
You 'd travel far to share your gold
With humble sorrow unconsoled;
You 'd raise the orphan from the dust,
And help the sad and widowed mother:
Give me your hand—you shall—you must—
I love you as a brother.

II.

You 're poor, and yet you do not scorn
Or hate the wealthy for their wealth;
You toil contented night and morn,
And prize the gifts of strength and health;
You 'd share your little with a friend,
And what you cannot give, you 'd lend;
You take humanity on trust,
And see some merit in another:
Give me your hand—you shall—you must—
I love you as a brother.

III.

And what care I how rich you be?
I love you if your thoughts are pure:—
What signifies your poverty,
If you can struggle and endure?
'T is not the birds that make the spring,
'T is not the crown that makes the king:—
If you are wise, and good, and just,
You 've riches better than all other.
Give me your hand—you shall—you must—
I love you as a brother.

## LESS THAN A MAN.

When at the feet of wealth and power
He 'd kneel and flatter, cringe and cower,
Then haste some poorer man to spurn,
And play the tyrant in his turn;
*Then is a man less than a man—*
*Then we pity him all we can.*

When by his words he leads his friends
To danger for his selfish ends,
And leaves them in the evil day
To stand or fall as best they may;
*Then is a man less than a man—*
*Then we pity him all we can.*

When without sowing he would reap,
When he makes a vow he fails to keep;
When he would rather beg or steal,
Than labour for an honest meal;
*Then is a man less than a man—*
*Then we pity him all we can.*

When by misfortune stricken down,
He whines and whimpers through the town,
And never lifts his strong right arm
To save himself from further harm;
*Then is a man less than a man—*
*Then we pity him all we can.*

Whene'er he plays the coward's part,
And trifles with a woman's heart,
Or scorns, ill-uses, and deceives
The love that lingers and believes;
*Then is a man less than a man—*
*Then we pity him all we can.*

When he delights in raising strife,
Or values honour less than life;
When he insults a fallen foe,
Or at a woman aims a blow;
*Then is a man less than a man—*
*Then we pity him all we can.*

# IF I WERE A VOICE.

I.

If I were a voice, a persuasive voice,
That could travel the wide world through,
I would fly on the beams of the morning light,
And speak to men with a gentle might,
And tell them to be true.
I 'd fly, I 'd fly, o'er land and sea,
Wherever a human heart might be,
Telling a tale, or singing a song,
In praise of the right—in blame of the wrong.

II.

If I were a voice, a consoling voice,
I 'd fly on the wings of air,
The homes of Sorrow and Guilt I 'd seek,
And calm and truthful words I 'd speak
To save them from Despair.
I 'd fly, I 'd fly, o'er the crowded town,
And drop, like the happy sun-light, down
Into the hearts of suffering men,
And teach them to rejoice again.

III.

If I were a voice, a convincing voice,
I 'd travel with the wind,
And whenever I saw the nations torn
By warfare, jealousy, or scorn,

Or hatred of their kind,
I 'd fly, I 'd fly, on the thunder-crash,
And into their blinded bosoms flash;
And, all their evil thoughts subdued,
I 'd teach them Christian Brotherhood.

IV.

If I were a voice, a pervading voice,
I 'd seek the kings of Earth;
I 'd find them alone on their beds at night,
And whisper words that should guide them right—
Lessons of priceless worth;
I 'd fly more swift than the swiftest bird,
And tell them things they never heard—
Truths which the ages for aye repeat—
Unknown to the statesmen at their feet.

V.

If I were a voice, an immortal voice,
I 'd speak in the people's ear;
And whenever they shouted "*Liberty*,"
Without deserving to be free,
I 'd make their error clear.
I 'd fly, I 'd fly, on the wings of day,
Rebuking wrong on my world-wide way,
And making all the Earth rejoice—
If *I* were a voice—an immortal voice.

# THOUGHTS AMID REVOLUTIONS.

## I.—THE BATTLE OF CHANGE.

I.

GREAT thoughts are heaving in the world's wide breast;
The Time is labouring with a mighty birth;
The old ideas fall.
Men wander up and down in wild unrest;
A sense of change preparing for the Earth
Broods over all.
There lies a gloom on all things under Heaven—
A gloom portentous to the quiet men,
Who see no joy in being driven
Onwards from change, ever to change again;
Who never walk but on the beaten ways,
And love the breath of yesterdays;—
Men who would rather sit and sleep
Where sunbeams through the ivies creep,

Each at his door-post all alone,
Heedless of near or distant wars,
Then wake and listen to the moan
Of storm-vexed forests, nodding to the stars—
Or hear, far off, the melancholy roar
Of billows, white with wrath, battling against the shore.

II.

Deep on their troubled souls the shadow lies;
And in that shadow come and go—
While fitful lightnings write upon the skies,
And mystic voices chant the coming woe—
Titanic phantoms swathed in mist and flame,
The mighty ghosts of things without a name,
Mingling with forms more palpably defined,
That whirl and dance like leaves upon the wind;
Who marshal in array their arrowy hosts,
And rush to battle in a cloud-like land;
Thick phalanxed on those far aërial coasts,
As swarms of locusts plaguing Samarcand.
"Oh, who would live," they cry, "in time like this!
A time of conflict fierce, and trouble strange;
When Old and New, over a dark abyss,
Fight the great battle of relentless Change?"
And still before their eyes discrowned kings,
Desolate chiefs, and aged priests forlorn,
Flit by—confused—with all incongruous things,
Swooping in rise and fall on ponderous wings;

While here and there, amid a golden light,
Angelic faces, sweet as summer morn,
Gleam for an instant ere extinguished quite,
Or change to stony skulls, and spectres livid white.

III.

But not to me—oh! not to me appear
Eternal glooms. I see a brighter sky,
I feel the healthful motion of the sphere;
And, lying down upon the grass, I hear
Far, far away, yet drawing near,
A low sweet sound of ringing melody:
I see the swift-winged arrows fly;
I see the battle and the combatants;
I know the cause for which their weapons flash;
I hear the martial music and the chants,
The shock of hosts, the armour clash
As Thought meets Thought;—but far beyond I see,
Adown the abysses of the time to be,
The well-won victory of Right;
The laying down of useless swords and spears;
The reconcilement ardently desired
Of Universal TRUTH with MIGHT,—
Whose long estrangement, filling earth with tears,
Gave every manly heart, divinely fired,
A lingering love, a hope inspired,
To reconcile them, never more to sunder.
Far, far away above the rumbling thunder,

I see the splendour of another day.
Ever since infant Time began
There has been darkness over man:
It rolls and shrivels up! It melts away!

## II.—THE PROSPECTS OF THE FUTU

I.

"FRIEND of the People—if thy soul can see
The dawning splendours of futurity;
If to thy finer sense the truths are clear
Which we behold not, let their light appear.
Show us their outline; manifest to men
The far-off glories hidden from their ken:
Draw back the curtain, that our hearts may kno
What gloom we quit, and to what light we go!"

II.

"Man of the People—Truth abides its time,
And rolls for ever in a track sublime;
There is no mist or darkness on its way
But of man's placing; an eternal day
Surrounds and follows it; and if mine eyes
Can bear its blaze, and trace its symmetries,
Measure its distance, and its advent wait,
I am no prophet—I but calculate."

III.

" Friend of the People—when *I* look around,
I see but sorrows cumbering the ground:
I see the poor made poorer by the law,
And rulers ruling not by love but awe.
I see the many, ignorant and bad,
Wretched and reckless, and my heart is sad.
The people suffer, self-degraded long:
Where is the remedy to right the wrong?"

IV.

" Man of the People—sorrow makes thee blind.
Look up through tears; be hopeful for mankind.
*I* weep not, nor deplore, for I behold
Of the new dawn the purple and the gold;—
Error is mortal—even while I look
Its basements crumble; knowledge opes a book
In which the child may read the social plan,
And how to remedy the wrongs of man."

V.

" Friend of the People—truth is slow to cast
Its lustre on us. Falsehood shrouds the past
And dims the present. Lo! we fight and slay
While preaching peace. We hate, yet daily say,
'Blessed is Love.' We are a fearful crowd:
We scorn ourselves, we pander to the proud,
More in our Might than in our Right we trust.
When shall such evils pass, and men be just?"

VI.

"Man of the People—they shall surely pass.
Be faith in right thy telescopic glass,
And thou shalt see, e'en as I see, this hour,
War and oppression, hate and lust of power,
Dwindling and dying on the wiser earth,
Which learns to blush that e'er it gave them birth,
And LOVE and LABOUR pouring from their hands
Incessant plenty o'er the happy lands."

VII.

"Friend of the People—I would fain believe.
Doubt is a pang: but when I look, I grieve
At vast impediments. How shall we smite
The armies of the Wrong, that war with Right?
How shall we share, among the sons of toil,
That none may lack—the corn, the wine, the oil?
Must war ride rampant o'er the world again,
Ere love be law and misery cease to reign?"

VIII.

"Man of the People—not on swords and spears
Is the reliance of the coming years:
Not by the cannon's throat shall Truth proclaim
Her mighty mission—not with blood and flame
Inscribe her lessons in the book of Time;
Her strongest weapons shall be words sublime;
Her armies, thoughts; her banners, printed sheets;
Her captains, voices crying in the streets.

IX.

"The Earth is good, and bountiful, and fair:
Her choicest blessings are the destined share
Of all her children, who in love combine
Wisely to labour; this the law divine
Of the new era. Mighty thoughts have sprung
From the world's throbbing heart upon its tongue—
I see their triumph, and I join the cry.
Man of the People—watch! the hour is nigh."

## III.—A WARNING VOICE TO THE PARISIANS.

(APRIL, 1848.)

I.

BEWARE, O France! to-day,
Of the dangers in thy way.
In thy majesty and might,
In the splendour of thy Right,
Thou may'st look, with unconcern,
Upon despots, fain to turn
Their swords upon thy bosom free and fair—
Thou may'st view, without alarms,
Hostile monarchies in arms,
And with Justice for thy captain thou may'st dare
All the hate of foreign foes;
Yet, for dangers worse than those
Look around thee, young Republic, and beware!

II.

Thou hast overturned a throne
That was based on fraud alone;
Thou hast swept in sudden wrath
All its panders from thy path;
Thou hast done a glorious deed,
And immortal be thy meed—
May thy garlands ever flourish green and fair!
But take heed, and ponder well,
Lest the tyranny that fell
Have not left a worse to follow as its heir.
Unhappy is the land
Where a mob is head and hand:
Thou hast known the peril once—oh, beware!

III.

Of the fool of good intent,
With his schemes impertinent;
Of the stubborn theorist;
And the dense philosophist,
Who would mould the world afresh,
And make men of wood—not flesh,
Mathematically modelled on the square;
Of the false and glib-tongued knave;
Of the sycophantic slave,
Who would lick the wild beast's feet in his lair;
Of the frenzied zealot, blind
In his love of human-kind—
Oh, beware, for Freedom's sake—oh, beware!

IV.

Though you say that *we* bow down
To the sceptre and the crown—
That we bend the fawning knee
To a titled luxury;
More wretched far than this
Is to see a people kiss
The mire-bedraggled tatters hanging bare
Of the rabble in the street;
And sit slavering at the feet
Of the ignorant and hungry *proletaire*,
As if virtue fled the breast
That could boast a decent vest;—
Oh, beware of mob-idolatry—beware!

V.

In the universal heart
Throbs a pulse that takes thy part;
Through the nations, far and near,
Runs a sympathy sincere,
Burns a hope that thou wilt be
An example to the free—
A people that can think as well as dare;—
Thou can'st mar, but thou shouldst make,
Thou shouldst build as well as break,
And raise a noble structure firm and fair.
Mighty hopes pervade the earth;
It was thou that gav'st them birth:
Beware lest thou destroy them,—oh beware!

## IV.—PULLING THE WIRES;

### OR THE CROWD AT A PUPPET-SHOW.

(March, 1848.)

I.

Gaze, ye crowd of happy idlers,
Gaze upon it, girls and boys;
Here is life to charm your fancy,
Mimic show of griefs and joys.
Paper queens and tinsel princes,
Pasteboard monarchs play their part;
While you laugh, admire, or pity,
Seeing Nature, and not art.
Little think you as ye wonder,
As each enters, struts, retires,
That they are but wooden playthings,
Senseless puppets, moved by wires.

II.

Screened from sight, behind the curtain,
Cunning fingers work the show;
At whose touch the unconscious figures
Stand or tumble—come or go.
When hereafter, men and women,
Ye shall mingle in the strife,
Busy actors in the tumult
And perplexity of life—

You will find the world divided
(Or be blinder than your sires)
'Twixt the puppets, great and little,
And the pullers of the wires.

III.

When you see a fool acquiring
Name and station and respect,
And a supple-sinewed cringer
Walking stedfast and erect;
When you see a silly monarch
At an opera-dancer's feet,
And the opera-dancer braving
Mobs and factions in the street;
Ask yourselves behind what curtain
Stand the men whose high desires
Set the little dolls in motion,
And whose fingers pull the wires.

IV.

When you see an able statesman,
Trained to love and do the right,
Acting like a stubborn maniac—
Deaf to reason, blind to light;
When you see a hoary monarch,
Taught in Fortune's roughest school,
Scorning all his own experience,
And becoming knave or fool;

Ask if Fate, or those who work it,
Shaping meaner men's desires,
Stand behind to play the showman
To these puppets of the wires.

V.

When you see a greedy rabble
Crowding to the public way,
Scenting plunder in disorder,
As the raven scents his prey,
Moved at once by nobler motives,
Scorning pillage as a shame,
Overturning thrones and systems,
All for freedom, all for fame ;—
Give not these the only credit,
Millions plod, while one aspires,
High ambitions work behind them,
Clever fingers pull the wires.

VI.

When you see that daily drama,
Goodness drawn into a snare,
Genius yoked to drudgery's waggon,
Virtue driven to despair,
Innocence betrayed to ruin,
Youth inveigled into vice,
And the blind man unsuspecting
Led, to stumble on the ice ;

Sigh that good men's prayers and efforts
Cannot quench the base desires,
Cannot stay the ruthless fingers
Of the villains at the wires.

VII.

Watch the show, and learn the lesson,
That with men and mortal things
He alone is truly potent
Who can guide and work the springs.
Learn how great to curb the vicious,
Help the weak, the sinking save;
Learn how mean to be a puppet,
Misdirected by a knave.
Learn to look behind the curtain;—
Wisest he that still inquires,
When he acts for self or others,
Whose the hand that pulls the wires.

## V.—THE COURTSHIP OF ANARCHY.

(JUNE, 1848.)

I.

SAID Anarchy to Liberty,
"Divinest maid, whom all adore,
Great is the love I bear to thee,
Come to my arms for evermore;

Come to my arms and share my throne;
Smile by my side supremely sweet,
And all the world our sway shall own,
And lay their homage at our feet."

II.

Said Liberty to Anarchy,
"With reeking gore thy fingers drip,
Through blood thou 'st waded to the knee,
And curses quiver on thy lip;
Thy heart o'erflows with guile and wrath,
With wicked hate, with senseless fears,
And groans and misery track thy path;
Begone—and leave me to my tears."

III.

Said Anarchy to Liberty,
"Reproach me not, O maiden fair;
If I have sinned, 't was love of thee
Impelled my spirit to despair,
And thou, of all the world, should'st look
Indulgent on such love sublime;
Thine eyes were inspiration's book—
Thy witchery drove me into crime."

IV.

Said Liberty to Anarchy,
"I never looked upon thy face
Without a sense of misery,
Without a feeling of disgrace;

I never saw thee but to shun,
Or weep hot tears of grief and shame—
Nor thought of deeds which thou hast done,
Except to shudder at thy name."

V.

Said Anarchy to Liberty,
"Thy heart is hard and insincere;
How often hast thou smiled on me,
And breathed love-speeches in my ear!
How often whispered me to smite,
How often prompted bloodiest deeds;
And all to give thy soul delight,
And stay thy sanguinary needs."

VI.

Said Liberty to Anarchy,
"Thy heart is dull, thine eyes are blind;
I have a sister like to me
In form and features, not in mind.
Her name is LICENCE; 't was for her
The passion bubbled in thy veins;
'T was she that was thy worshipper;
She clings to thee while life remains."

VII.

Said Anarchy to Liberty,
"I know thee well, I 've known thee long—
Thy face, thy form, thy symmetry
Have filled my heart with yearnings strong;

'T was thou I loved; thy beaming eyes
Still gave the aspiration birth,
That from our union should arise
A new Millennium for the Earth."

VIII.

Said Liberty to Anarchy,
"I dwell with Law and Peace divine,
I have no bond of sympathy
With Hate or Murder—thee or thine:
To me thou art a fiend accursed—
Let Licence love thee if she will;
Deep in my soul my scorn is nursed—
I fly thee, and abhor thee still."

## VI.—A CALL FOR TRUE LIBERTY.

(JUNE, 1848.)

I.

O LIBERTY, serene and fair,
Chief blessing of the nations,
The dearest object of our care,
Our best of aspirations,

Come forth, and show thy beaming face—
The world has learned to doubt thee;
Come forth—shed light upon our place;
We cannot live without thee!

II.

A brazen-browed and vulgar jade,
Not like thee in a feature,
In thy white robes and wreath arrayed—
A coarse-tongued, shameless creature—
Struts o'er the earth, and takes thy name,
Sows hatred and dissension,
And sanctions deeds of guilt and shame,
Which thou wouldst blush to mention.

III.

Not like thyself—an angel sweet,
Whose lips would scorn to utter
The filthy language of the street,
Or bywords of the gutter—
She mingles with the vilest crowd,
She shouts, and roars, and curses,
Shakes hands with thieves—she is not proud—
And gambols with cut-purses.

IV.

She calls herself a goddess bright,
The suffering people's saviour,
Who shows the nations truth and right,
And teaches kings behaviour;

She takes thy name on false pretence,
And signs it to her papers;
And when she lacks the needful pence,
She plays dishonest capers.

V.

Come forth and shame this counterfeit,
Oh, maiden fair and holy;
Oh, Liberty! divinely sweet,
Beloved of high and lowly!
Come forth, thy heavenly charms unfold,
And teach mankind their duty;
And let the adoring world behold
Thine intellectual beauty.

VI.

Though blinded mobs might seek to slay,
And tyrant monarchs hate thee;
Yet all true hearts thine advent pray,
And all the realms await thee.
So fair thou art, so full of grace,
The nations will adore thee;
And mobs, when they behold thy face,
Will bend their knees before thee.

VII.

Come forth; the world expects thou wilt—
Long has it waited sadly—
Come forth, and shame this thing of guilt,
That plays thy part so badly.

Come forth, serene, refulgent, clear,
Th' expectant earth adorning;
And all the cheats shall disappear
Like torchlight in the morning.

## VII.—ROME. 1848-9.

I.

Rome imperial! Rome majestic!
Shade of greatness, vanished all—
Looking down th' abyss of ages
To behold thy rise and fall,
We can trace upon thy forehead,
Queen and wonder of thy day,
Broadly marked the awful sentence,
"*Pass Away.*"

II.

Great, but wicked—fair, but cruel,
Sceptered mischief, worshipped long.
Never yet did men or nations
Prosper finally in wrong.
Justice did her work upon thee,
Mightier than thine her sway,
'T was her voice pronounced thy judgment—
"*Pass Away!*"

III.

Modern Rome! thou mitred Phœnix!
Risen from those embers cold;—
Looking dimly through the future,
The same shadow we behold—
Shadow of a power departing,
Spectre of a great decay,
Bearing on its front the motto,
"*Pass Away.*"

IV.

Whither went the ancient Cæsars
With the pomp of peace or war,
Thither go the modern pontiffs
With dominion grander far.
Papal stole and regal purple
Fall in ripeness of the day,
Cæsar's crown and Pope's tiara,
"*Pass Away!*"

V.

Priestly Rome! thy cup is filling;
In our era, dauntless Truth
Feels her life and struggles upwards
With the energy of youth.
Thou shalt bind her wings no longer,
Never more her progress stay;
Thou hast lived thy generation—
"*Pass Away!*"

VI.

If hereafter from thy ashes
A new Phœnix shall ascend,
May she learn to dwell with Virtue,
And take Freedom for her friend.
If as thou she clogs the spirit,
And denies the truth of day,
On her head thy doom be spoken—
"*Pass Away!*"

## VIII.—THE BROTHERHOOD OF NATIONS.

### AN ANTICIPATION.

"Peuples! formez une sainte alliance.
Et donnez—vous la main."

DE BERANGER.

I.

The wars had ceased: the weary nations furled
Their tattered flags, and sheathed their blunted swords;
And, sick of blood, the decimated world
Counted its scars, its glories, and rewards.
A little whisper, raised in doubt and fear,
Made an appeal to all the suffering lands—
*Form an alliance holy and sincere,*
*And join, join hands.*

II.

Old men left childless and disconsolate;
Widows forlorn, and maidens sorrow-crowned;
The children loitering at the cottage gate;
The young men mournful, gazing on the ground,
Joined in the cry, lamenting, yet of cheer—
Repeating ever, *Oh, ye ruined lands,*
*Form an alliance holy and sincere,*
*And join, join hands.*

III.

The ploughman singing at the early morn,
Stopped in his song, and shuddered to behold,
Through the long furrows for the future corn,
Half buried skulls projecting from the mould—
Bones of his brethren, scattered far and near;
And sadly gazing sighed, *Unhappy lands,*
*Form an alliance holy and sincere,*
*And join, join hands.*

IV.

The whisper spread—it gathered as it went;
From crowd to crowd the aspiration flew;
Distracted Europe stanched the wounds that rent
Her bleeding bosom, healed at Waterloo;
Her wisest sons with voices loud and clear
Took up the words and bore them o'er the lands—
*Form an alliance holy and sincere,*
*And join, join hands.*

V.

"Why should ye drag," said they, "the furious car
Of blind ambition? why with sweat and moil
Follow the panting demi-gods of war,
And with your blood make runnels through the soil?
Long have ye suffered—long in mad career
Borne fire and sword and sorrow through the lands—
*Form an alliance holy and sincere,*
*And join, join hands.*

VI.

"Sheathed be the sword for ever—let the drum
Be schoolboy's pastime—let your battles cease,
And be the cannon's voice for ever dumb,
Except to celebrate the joys of peace.
Are ye not brothers? God, whom we revere,
Is he not Father of all climes and lands?—
*Form an alliance holy and sincere,*
*And join, join hands.*"

VII.

The words grew oracles; from mouth to mouth
Rapid as light the truthful accents ran,
From the cold Norland to the sunny South—
From East to West; they warmed the heart of man;
The prosperous people with a sound of cheer
Passed the glad watchword through the smiling lands—
*Form an alliance holy and sincere,*
*And join, join hands.*

VIII.

They spread, they flew, they fructified apace;
The spear and sword hung rusting on the walls,
Preserved as relics of a bygone race,
When men went mad, and gloried in their brawls.
Peace, the fair mother of each bounteous year,
Dropped corn and wine on the prolific lands.—
*Form an alliance holy and sincere,*
*And join, join hands.*

IX.

England forgot her deeds of battle done,
France blushed at "glory" gained in fields of gore,
German, Italian, Spaniard, Pole, and Hun
Taught kings a lesson and were foes no more—
KNOWLEDGE achieved the circuit of our sphere,
And LOVE became the gospel of the lands—
*When that alliance, holy and sincere,*
*Had joined all hands.*

## IX.—FRATERNITY.

(MAY, 1848.)

I.

WHAT though the crowds who shout the word
Pervert the meaning it should bear,
And feel their hearts with hatred stirred
Even while their plaudits load the air;—

Yet shall not we, thou mighty THOUGHT,
Despair thy triumph yet to see,
Or doubt the good that shall be wrought
In thy great name, FRATERNITY.

II.

By prophets told, by psalmists sung,
Preached on the Mount by lips sublime,
The theme of every sage's tongue
For twice a thousand years of time;
What happy progress hast thou made?
What bliss to man has flowed from thee?
What war and bloodshed hast thou stayed?
What peace affirmed, FRATERNITY?

III.

Alas! the years have failed to teach
The obvious lesson to mankind,
A myriad preachers failed to preach
Conviction to the deaf and blind.
Still do we rush to furious War,
Still to the slayer bend the knee,
And still, most Christian as we are,
Forget thy name, FRATERNITY.

IV.

And shall we, crammed with mutual hates,
Despise our neighbour for a flaw?
And sneer, because he promulgates,
Before he understands, thy law?

No! let us hail the word of might,
Breathed by a nation of the free;—
Thy recognition is a light—
Thy name a faith, FRATERNITY.

V.

The preacher may belie his creed,
But still the truth preserves its flame:
The sage may do a foolish deed,
Yet wisdom shares not in the shame.
Be scorning hushed—be cavil dumb—
Whatever ills the world may see,
We 'll look for blessings yet to come
In thy great name, FRATERNITY.

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